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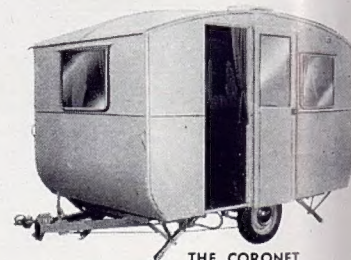
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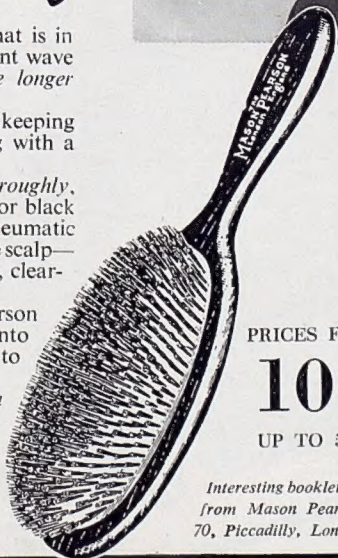
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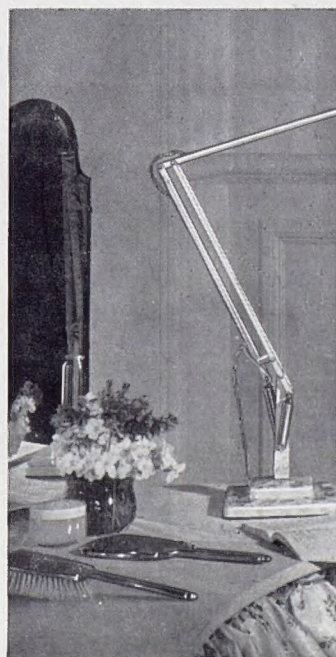
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1954

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## CORONATION GLORY CAME TO WELLINGTON

**W**EARING her "gown of Commonwealth," bright reminder of Coronation glory, the Queen performed an historic act by opening a special session of the New Zealand Parliament at Wellington. Here Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, is ascending the steps of Parliament House on her way to the most moving and significant ceremony of her New Zealand tour



## HOLIDAYMAKERS IN SWISS ALPS

HIGH above the tree line, among the picturesque chalets and hotels of Wengen and Scheidegg, many visitors have been enjoying a winter holiday. And in spite of the snow-storms and temporary absence of the sun, the Bernese Oberland lost none of its charm for the faithful devotees of the Swiss Alps



Having refreshments were Mr. Charles Aitkenhead, Miss Alison Doggart, Mrs. Aitkenhead, Mr. Sandy Doggart, Mrs. Doggart and Mr. Norman Doggart



Mrs. Harold Scott and her son and daughter, David and Verena, from Dorset, were on holiday at Scheidegg



Mr. Gordon Cridlan, who played Rugby for England in 1935, with his daughter Juliet, a junior British ski-ing trainee



Mr. Charles Taylor, M.P. (centre), who received a knighthood in the New Year honours, with Mr. Nicholas and Miss Jill Hawkins



Mrs. Spencer Copeland, whose husband is manager of the junior British ski-ing trainees in Wengen, with her son, David



Another party who were preparing to run down from Scheidegg were Mrs. and Mr. Henry Brandt and their son Timothy

### Social Journal

## Ski Families Of Mürren

• Jennifer •

SWITZERLAND.—I arrived in Mürren to find they were having the best season since prewar days, when it was the choice of many who wanted good ski-ing. I stayed at the very comfortable Palace Hotel with its fine view over the Lauterbrunnen Valley, and the first person I met on arrival was Sir Arnold Lunn who first went there in 1911 and with the exception of the war years has, I think, been there each winter since. He has no doubt done more for British ski-ing, or, one might say for ski-ing everywhere, than any man, having invented the slalom, got the Alpine Downhill races going and founded the Kandahar Club, the best known ski-ing club in the world.

He first skied in 1898, and in 1904 won the Public Schools Alpine Sports Championship, which was in 1911 split into three sections, one of which was the famous Roberts of Kandahar Race. Fifty years later he is still taking a most active part in organizing ski-ing events, even to the laying out of the slaloms. His wife, Lady Mabel Lunn, who was the first woman to get the Ski Club of Great Britain first class badge, no longer skis, but now takes a keen interest in curling. I watched her silver bowl being presented to the victorious Palace Hotel team on the curling rink on my first morning. Lady Mabel also spends much of her time enjoying a game of bridge while her husband is busy with ski-club work. She was delighted when her young nephew, Viscount St. Cyres, arrived to stay with them for a short holiday.

WHILE in Mürren I was most impressed with the number of family parties there, and noticed that many of these were headed by parents who had spent most of their Christmas holidays in this district in their childhood days and were now bringing their own children each winter. Certainly they could have chosen nowhere better, as there is free ski schooling for everyone who stays in any of the hotels—a rare concession—and the





A young enthusiast at Scheidegg, Judith Ayers, was given a little encouragement by her mother, Mrs. G. W. Ayers and Miss Gladys Beech



Five-year-old Olivia Crabbe was leaving her hotel at Wengen with her mother, Mrs. Archie Crabbe



Capt. Philip Glover, R.N., the Hon. Mrs. Glover and Sir Adrian Jarvis, Bt., off to watch the British Men's Championships

run when you have "graduated" are as good as anywhere in the world.

Among the regulars were Mr. and Mrs. Alec Tulloch. The latter, first came to Mürren when she was very young, a first-class skier who as Bunty Walker raced for Great Britain. They had three children out at Mürren with them this winter and the eldest two were already racing. Mrs. Tulloch's brother, Mr. George Walker was also out here from Edinburgh with his wife and four children. Both families were staying at the Jungfrau Hotel, as were Mr. and Mrs. Keith Anderson, two more couples of Mürren, with their young son and daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Watson, who both skied here as children, took a flat for the holidays and brought their two eldest children Robin and Rozanne. Rozanne shows great promise and had entered in the junior Kandahar which unfortunately had to be cancelled owing to weather, on my last morning. Captain and Mrs. James Wolfe-Murray had their two sons James and Angus with them. James the elder one just missed a prize in one of the handicap races, but was made a member of the Kandahar before he left.

YOUNG Viscount Carlow and his brother the Hon. "Bun" Dawson-Damer I saw becoming very proficient on skis. They were at the Palace Hotel with their stepfather, Mr. Peter Nugent, and their mother Mrs. Nugent, who came to Mürren each winter with her parents before she was married to the late Viscount Carlow, who was killed in the war. In their party was Mrs. Tres Norton, thoroughly enjoying her first stay in the village, accompanied by her young son Hugh, who is at Eton. He had the bad luck to crack a bone in his ankle out ski-ing and had his leg in plaster for his last week.

Mrs. Peter Dollar was another I met who came here when she was a child, and now brings her young son David Dollar, who is also at Eton, and her six-year-old daughter Jane. With them at the Palace were Mrs. Jack Talbot-Ponsonby and her younger son Peter; and Mrs. E. I. Daglish and her son Richard. Mrs. Daglish received the M.B.E. in the New Year's Honours.

★ ★ ★

THE day I arrived I was taken to a S.C.G.B. cocktail party and prizegiving for the races which had been held earlier in the day. This took place at the Jungfrau, where Mrs. George Walker presented the prizes to the successful competitors in handicap Ski Club races, one of them being her Etonian son Archie. The overall winner was Peter Norman, younger son of Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Norman, who are also regular Mürrenites; his elder brother Ronnie also won a prize. Others looking delighted with their prizes were ten-year-old Bruce Cohen, who had never raced before, but who won the beginners' section, and Peter Romer-Lee who was out with his younger

brother and parents Mr. and Mrs. Romer-Lee.

Fiona Sprott, who when not ski-ing is working hard to become a ballet dancer, was second to Lt.-Cdr. Duncan Macpherson in the middle section in which Michael Orange, who had come over from Dublin, was third.

BEFORE the actual prizegiving, Lt.-Col. Digby Raeburn, a former University racer, and now chairman of the Kandahar Club, made a brief speech. He had come over from Germany where he is serving with his regiment, the Scots Guards, and helped to organize many of the events for the young people. These young visitors are also grateful to Miss Doreen Elliot, formerly one of the finest of our International racers, who for some years now has been the Ski Club of Great Britain representative at Mürren and works untiringly, especially for all the young people who go out there.

I met Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid looking very chic in her ski-ing suit. She has been winter sporting very quietly this year as last season she broke her leg, but her two young daughters Sarah and Rosemary who were out there with her were ski-ing hard daily. The Hon. Randal Plunkett was on the slopes for the first time for seven years, and was greatly enjoying his first visit to Mürren. He brought his elder son Edward Plunkett, who unfortunately twisted his knee the first weekend and when I met him was still only allowed to skate.

★ ★ ★

TWO races I watched were the 1954 Lowlanders championships, and the event for the Duke of Kent Cup. The slalom for the first was set by Sir Arnold Lunn near "Alibubble" which was where he set the first slalom course many years ago. This was won by the graceful Danish skier Hans Jörgen Poulsen, who came second to the Briton Nigel Gardner in the downhill race, which was down Finel on Schiltgrat. On his points for the two races he won the men's Lowlanders for 1954, with Nigel Gardner second, Robin Hooper, also Great Britain, third, and the Belgian, Denis Feron, fourth.

In the Ladies' Lowlanders Championship run over the same course Mlle. C. van der Straten of Belgium came first in the slalom with another Belgian, Mlle. B. Wittouck second, British Miss A. Spaul third, and Miss Angela Carr, also of the British team, fourth. In the downhill race next day, run under difficult conditions with very bad visibility, Miss Angela Carr was first with Miss Jocelyn Wardrop-Moore, a young skier who has come on a lot this year, second, Mlle. Wittouck third and Mlle van der Straten fourth. The combined results was Miss Carr first, Mlle. Wittouck second, and Mlle. van der Straten third.

The race for the Duke of Kent Cup was also run under very trying conditions, for it was snowing hard and at the top visibility was nil. The winner was Mr. Nigel Gardner of the Downhill Only

(Continued overleaf)



The Countess of Selkirk, the former Miss Audrey Sale-Baker, with her nephew, the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale



Lady Wakefield, wife of Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P., with Mrs. Grant Ferris, waited for the slalom event to begin





Conversation group in the ballroom consisting of Mrs. Jones, Lt.-Col. M. Jones, M.B.E., T.D., Major Dick Powell, Miss E. M. Lane, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Porter, Major H. Porter, M.B.E., and Major T. Chapman

## CARRIAGES DROVE TO MONMOUTH CASTLE

**H**ISTORIC Monmouth Castle, birthplace of Henry V, was the scene of a delightful ball given by officers of the Royal Monmouthshire R.E. (Militia), the only non-regular regiment in the British Army. Dancing, broken only by a midnight supper, continued for more than five hours



Lt.-Col. D. A. Smith, M.C., the C.O., points out the famous ceiling to Mrs. Anstruther, Mrs. Smith, and Brig. A. E. Anstruther, C.B., Chief Engineer, Western Command

### Jennifer's Social Journal (Contd.)

## Avalanches Across The Line

Club, who went "like a bomb" and took the difficult part at the top in a *schuss* as if visibility was good, going straight, fast and steady. C. Jung, of Interlaken, was second and Hans Poulsen third. The Townsman's team race which is run in conjunction with this event was won by the London team comprising Robin Hooper, Peter Kirwan-Taylor, a former winner of the Duke of Kent Cup, and Gay Fryer the Cambridge University captain, who certainly lives up to his name. I was interested to hear that during the long vacation last summer Gay was extremely enterprising and went to Labrador, where great developments are in progress. Here he worked with an engineering firm for three months, an experience which he told me he had thoroughly enjoyed.

**A**NOTHER competitor was Belgian Comte Philippe d'Ursel, who won the first Lowlanders Championship in 1948, and again in 1950 and 1951. He is a fine skier, whose family, one of the oldest in Belgium, are well known as staunch supporters of many sporting events.

After the Duke of Kent Cup there was a dinner for many of the competitors at which Sir Arnold Lunn presided and made a short speech, followed by M. Walter Hugler of the Swiss Kurverein, and M. Therp, of Denmark, the new president of the Lowlanders.

Later in the evening there was a prizegiving in the ballroom at which Lady Mabel Lunn presented a cup she had given for the ladies, and Mrs. Peter Nugent handed their trophies to the other prizewinners.

Next morning it was still snowing hard, nearly a metre of new snow having fallen during the night. At midday Schlunegger, the hall porter, told me that my chances of getting to Wengen in the afternoon were slight and that it was doubtful if any more trains would be running as the line was being blocked by small avalanches. At five past one, just as I had started lunch, he heard that a train had managed to get up to the top and would be leaving for Lauterbrunnen, the junction at the bottom, in ten minutes. So I abandoned my good meal, asked him to get my luggage down to the station, and ran for the train, which was, I heard later, the last for two days.

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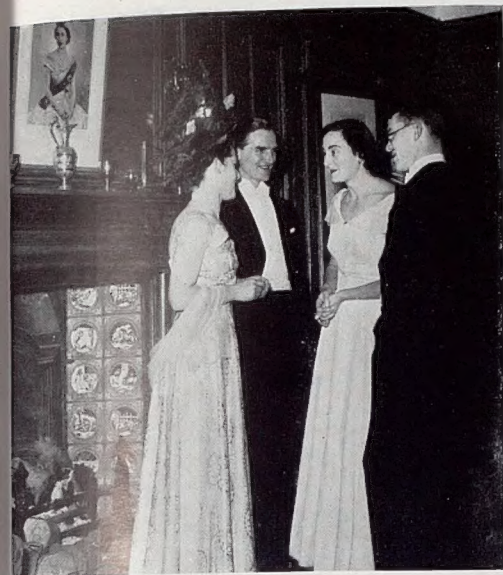
**L**ITTLE did I know what an eventful journey was ahead. There were only five other passengers, all Swiss, and down to Grutsch we went well. Then on the second lap we were suddenly halted at an alarming angle while men cleared the line of another slide of snow. We arrived at Lauterbrunnen at 2.40 p.m., where a train for Wengen had been waiting for a couple of hours.

I got my luggage across to it, and was told it was expected to start about 4 p.m., the delay being due to a small avalanche which around midday had derailed a truck full of skis farther up the line. No one seemed to be on the platform or in the train except myself, when suddenly I saw Alan Crompton and some of the British skiers who had left Mürren early in the morning. Then Sir Wavell Wakefield and his daughter Mrs. Hensman arrived on skis from Wengen expecting to catch the train back as usual. We then found it would be unlikely to start for another hour, so went across to the Stembösch Hotel beside the station for hot chocolate.

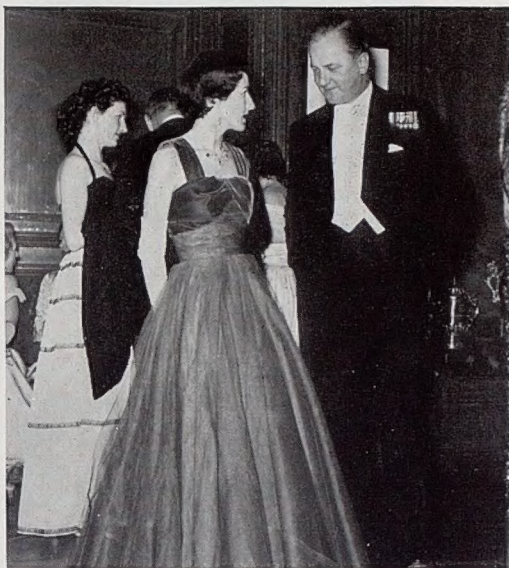
**H**ERE we found the place packed with stranded skiers, some of them British, quite undaunted and making the best of it. Mr. Madron Seligman who had skied down from Wengen with his wife was playing the piano and quite a few of the men had found partners and were dancing. Suddenly Mr. Seligman struck up the music for an eightsome and in a flash there was a sight at which to rub one's eyes and look again—a reel being danced, extremely well, by cheery young people in ski-clothes in the middle of a snowstorm in Switzerland. Just as it finished, an official arrived to tell us the train was about to start, so we all bundled in, someone produced a banjo and others started to sing.

All was going well until we were brought to a sudden halt about five hundred yards short of Wengen Station. Another avalanche had come down ahead of us on the line. The driver came along and threw open the doors, told us we had to walk the rest of the journey which he said cheerily was no distance at all, and bade us leave our luggage in the train. Five hundred feet up the side of a mountain, part of it through a foot-wide track of soft snow into which one sank at each step, with snow more than waist high on each side, while carrying hand luggage, seemed a very long distance. In addition there was the rather frightening feeling that there might be another

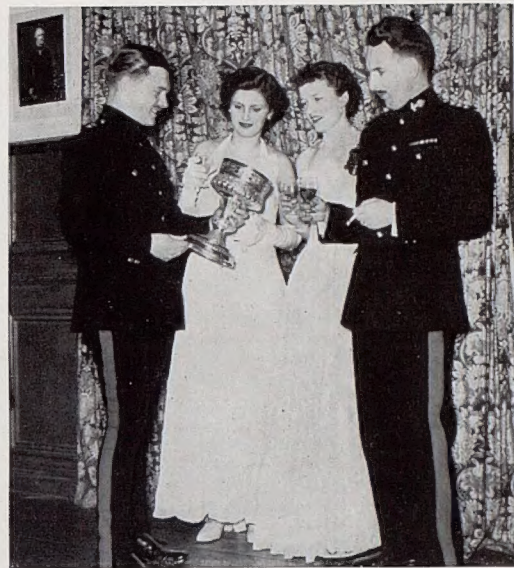




Near a picture of the Queen, Mrs. and Mr. J. H. Whitehead were chatting to Miss P. Sweet and Mr. T. Buckland



Mrs. Patrick Waller and Lt.-Cdr. Alan Collyer, R.N., were waiting for the next dance to commence



Lt. G. B. R. Horridge was showing a piece of regimental silver to Mrs. Horridge, Mrs. Trimmer and Capt. A. Trimmer, R.A.

slide at any moment. Among those with me on the train who also had to walk were Rupert de Larrinaga, captain of the British team, Robin Hooper, Noel Harrison, son of actor Rex Harrison, Nigel Gardner and Michael Sutton-Pratt.

At last we arrived at the top, very breathless, very hot, very weary, but relieved and happy to be in Wengen. It was nearly 6 p.m. when we walked into the Palace Hotel, with its welcoming atmosphere and Mr. Fritz Bortor to greet us, where I went up to my large, comfortable room.

★ ★ ★

NEXT day, unfortunately, there was little improvement in the weather. It was still snowing hard, and in fact there were only a few hours sunshine, and that on one afternoon, during my three-day visit. Happily the snowfall coincided with the slalom part of the British Ski Championship, held on the Brunner slopes. Organized by the Downhill Only Club, the competition was headed by Sir Adrian Jarvis as chairman, Mr. Robert Giddings, Mrs. "Ros" Hepworth and Mr. Hensman, whose father Sir Wavell Wakefield, chairman of the British ski teams committee, was chairman of the jury who had to make all the final decisions for the race.

Lt.-Col. Percy Legard was the starter with Monsieur U. Brunner, and others helping to run the event included Mrs. Barbara Ringrose, who was one of the timekeepers, Col. Archie Crabbe, Miss Lesley Thompson and Miss Elspeth Whitley, who were among the long list of flag keepers, Capt. Philip Glover, R.N., Lt.-Col. Simon Lycett Green, M. Ernst Gertsch, a great personality of Wengen who was the referee, and Mrs. Sheila Daniels, one of our best lady skiers, who broke her leg badly just before the last Olympics. After the professional, Oscar, had gone down the course, she also skied down in impeccable style, just before the competitors. The British ski champion of 1954 is Robin Hooper who came in first in this slalom and fifth in the downhill race. The latter was run after I had left, under shocking conditions of snow and heavy rain, over a course from Wengernalp to inner Wengen. It was during this event that the Cambridge captain, Gay Fryer, broke his leg badly. He was flown home next day and now we all wish him a speedy recovery.

AFTER the slalom I went to the Ski Club of Great Britain and Downhill Only Club cocktail party and the prizegiving to juniors at the Eiger. The "Coggins" cup given by Wengen curlers for competitors between ten-fourteen years old was won by Tom Quilter, while Frances Strong, another promising youngster, won the junior "Coggins" for under tens. I had noticed both these children, also Joanna McCowen, Carol Ann and Angela Waddell and Colin Crabbe listening intently to all their instructor had to teach them when having a lesson the previous day. The



General Sir Francis Nosthworthy, one of the principal guests, waltzing with Miss Margaret Robinson



Capt. A. G. Steel was telling Mrs. Steel the history of a richly worked silver jug



Fine plasterwork and burnished silver formed a background to this group, composed of Capt. A. G. Steel, R.E., Mrs. Chappel, Mrs. Steel, Capt. W. A. B. Chappel, R.E., Mrs. G. Bruce-Morgan, Capt. T. B. V. Marsh, Miss D. Norman and Mr. G. Bruce-Morgan

Desmond O'Neill

(Continued overleaf)



## Social Journal (Contd.)

# A Hundred Curlers

Wengen children's centre for four-to-twelve year-olds from 9 a.m. to dusk has proved a great success this season.

The Wengen Curling Club is this season in full swing with a membership of more than a hundred and a busy programme ahead. Mr. George Paxton has just retired from the presidency and been succeeded by Mr. Lamont with Mr. N. O. Liddel and Mr. Gilbert Carmichael as vice-presidents, Mr. W. K. Robertson, hon secretary, and Capt. Toby Barker, hon treasurer. The first competition of the season, the Wyllie Shield, ended in a victory for the Rink, skippered by Herr Tagmann assisted by Peter Lehmann, Miss Sybil Kerrison and Adolf Koch.

★ ★ ★

FAMILIES who have been staying in Wengen this month included the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon with their three elder sons, who are all keen skiers. Their eldest son the Marquess of Clydesdale was often out on the slopes with his aunt, the Countess of Selkirk, who as Miss Wendy Sale-Barker raced for Great Britain before the war.

I also met Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Simon Lycett-Green who were staying at the Regina with their daughter Rose, Mr. Henry Petre, who was going on later to Davos, and Mrs. Grant Ferris, who was staying up at Scheidegg with her young son Piers, a competitor in the championship. They were cut off for two days by the snow. Mr. and Mrs. McCowen were staying at the Palace with their four children—two of the boys were racing in the championship—and also at the Palace were Mr. Tom Skyrme and his three children (his nine-year-old son Anthony showed great promise), Mrs. Edward Slesinger and her sons John and Anthony and a young friend Mr. Michael Hughes, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Percy Legard and their three children, Capt. Glover, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Glover with their son John, who is going to Harrow this half, and their daughter Anne, Mrs. Ian Elliot, who came from Paris with her young daughter and twin sons, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stern with their son, Nigel, who was returning to school at Stowe, and their daughter, Angela.

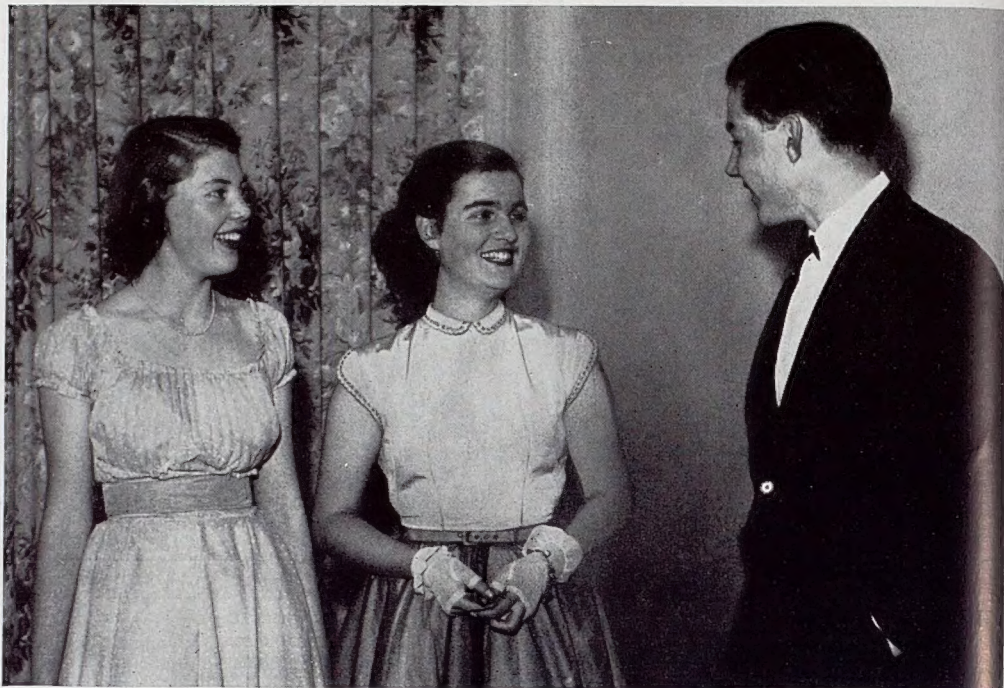
OTHERS staying there were Mrs. Charles Hill who came to watch her son Mr. Peter Kirwan-Taylor race in the championships, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh and his second son Charlach, recently knighted Mr. Charles Taylor, M.P. for Eastbourne, who came for a few days on his way to Salzburg, and Count John de BERNARD and his lovely Spanish wife who said they were both thoroughly enjoying their visit.

Mrs. Fritz Bortor told me that when she and her husband close the Palace at the end of February they go off to their Villa Magliasina, which is a small hotel about ten minutes from Lugano with a golf course right in front of the hotel, and good swimming in the nearby lake, a lovely spot to live in during the spring and summer.

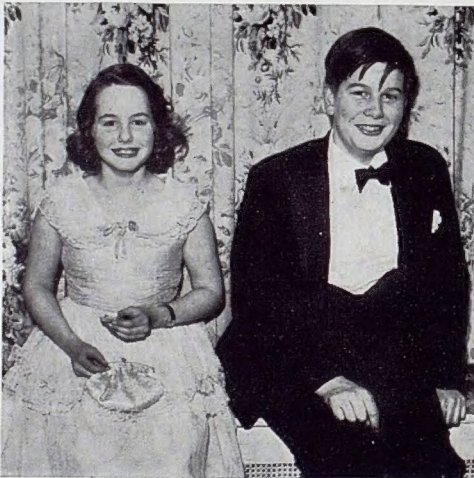
★ ★ ★

I HAVE recently heard from a member of the Allied Circle that they are to have an interesting guest at their headquarters in Green Street, Park Lane, on February 1. This is M. Paul Henri Spaak, who is going to give an address. The Belgian Ambassador, unfortunately, will probably not be present as he has had to enter a London nursing home for treatment, but his wife, the Marquise du Parc Locmaria, hopes to be there, as do representatives of many other European Embassies.

M. Spaak was Prime Minister of Belgium from 1938-9, and became Foreign Minister on September 1, 1939. He left his country when the Germans overran it in May, 1940, and arrived in London, after an eventful journey, in October of that year. He is perhaps best remembered in this country as President of the United Nations Assembly held in 1948-9 at Church House, Westminster.



Host and hostesses were Mr. Keith Fisher, who had only arrived back from St. John, New Brunswick, that afternoon, Miss Gillian Fitt (centre) and Miss Lucy Fisher



Miss Susan and Mr. Nicholas Branch were having a rest after dancing a series of numbers



Peeping round the door were Miss Catherine Norman-Butler and Miss Elfrida Eden, daughter of Sir Timothy and Lady Eden

A TEENAGE DANCE was recently given by Mrs. Francis St. George Fisher and Mrs. Mary Petro at the latter's home in Victoria Road, W.8. About seventy young people had a most interesting and high-spirited evening, which did not end until 12.30 a.m.



Greatly enjoying themselves were Miss Angela Foulds, Mr. Ronald Eden, Miss Penny Wilmott and Mr. Michael Blair



Miss Jane Martin, who is coming out this year, Miss Vivien Allison and Mr. David Woodruffe were others there





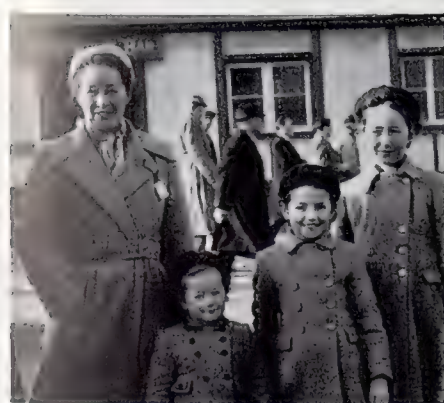
Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was there to see her horse M'As-Tu-Vu run in the big race. It came in sixth after a very steady performance. Here Her Majesty is seen walking in the paddock with Maj.-Gen. Sir Randle Feilden



Keenly noting their selections were Mr. F. H. Foster, Mrs. Christopher Seymour and Mark Seymour



Mrs. R. W. Craddock, wife of Brig. Craddock, who had injured her arm, was there with her son Richard



It was a great day for the children. Here Mrs. A. Dufosse was with her three daughters Anthea, Sally and Jane Dufosse



Behind, Mrs. S. Priestley and Lady Petre. In front, Simon Slader, son of Mrs. Priestley, and the Hon. John Petre

THE MILDMAY MEMORIAL 'CHASE was the chief interest of the January meeting at Sandown Park. This very testing race, run under excellent conditions, resulted in a four-lengths win for Mr. E. Stanning's Domata

## At The Races

# Discard Tod Sloan's Seat

• Sabretache •

IT may sound a bit far-fetched to blame that little American Tod Sloan for at any rate some of the falls in the Grand National and in many more steeplechases at other courses, but it is nevertheless in a great measure true; for the ultra-short stirrup craze which he introduced to this country is most certainly responsible for loss of balance and the consequent lack of aid which can be given to a horse, either on the flat or over fences, particularly over those big ones at Aintree, which at the moment and at many other moments since the days of Sloan, have come under the lash of criticism.

Sloan taught our jockeys only one thing, namely, that our races were being run at a wrong pace. He was no horseman, merely a good jockey trained to ride races by the stop-watch. Anyone who has ridden even a seaside donkey can get a fairly good idea of the instability for which Sloan is responsible, by making a test with his fingers. Take hold of one finger with two of the other hand and see how easy it is to pull them off if you only grip with one joint. It is a very simple experiment.

AT the finish of a flat race and in going into a big fence in a steeplechase, any horse needs all the aid and support the man on his back can give him. This can best be supplied by the rider's legs. He can do nothing in this way if he is virtually kneeling on the saddle. A high percentage of the falls in steeplechases are helped by this Tod Sloaning business. Many a horse would recover from even a desperate peck if his rider were able to help him. The moment a horse leaves the ground his rider usually knows what is going to happen, and there are only split seconds available for thinking. When a horse gets "under" a fence, i.e. takes off too close to it, especially in a steeplechase, it is usually odds on a fall and a bad one at that; if he stands back too far, and we saw Freebooter do this the other day at Leicester, disaster, though possible, is not so probable.

THEREFORE, do not let us cavil at the fences, the horses or the jockeys, or, least of all, at Mrs. Mirabel Topham (she did not build the Aintree fences or any others), but blame Tod Sloan and his monkey-on-a-stick seat. A lot of the people who ride over Aintree do, as we know, let their leathers out a hole or so. Why? The answer is Tod Sloan.

The pace at which the Grand National is run since Ascetic's Silver won it in 1906 and Mr. Atty Persse, now eighty-four, was third on Aunt May, has increased, but the leathers seem to have got shorter and the balance to have decreased in proportion. Some people blame the pace, especially as they go into the first one, at which there is usually such a scatteration, for all the disasters. My personal experience has told me that it does not matter a tinker's malediction what pace you go so long as you have got him balanced and he is not all abroad and carrying just a "passenger."

This last thing is all-important, for there are two of you in the game and the horse ought not to be expected to do the whole business. Try carrying an un-restful person pick-a-back, and you will quickly find out what the poor horse has to suffer.







*Mrs. J. R. Bateman, Mr. Bateman and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Thirkell took a quiet drink together in a comfortable corner*

## OLD SURREY AND BURSTOW'S "GUEST NIGHT" AT SELSDON

OVER three hundred and fifty guests attended the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt Ball, held for the first time at the Selsdon Park Hotel. Many people brought large private parties and the occasion was enhanced by the excellent organization of the Hon. Secretary to the Hunt, Mr. R. D. Waters



*Mr. Michael Cave, Miss Rosemary Miles, Miss Joanna Dennis and Mr. Michael Casement were four of the younger set who enjoyed themselves*

### TWO RENOWNED PACKS

The Old Surrey amalgamated with the Burstow, who were harriers until 1866, during World War One, and the conjoint hunt has had a most successful career, its area ranging from Croydon to Cuckfield





Mr. Kenneth Caulcutt and Mrs. John Sim decided to abandon the dance floor for a cigarette



Chatting on a window seat were Miss Jane Hebblethwaite, Mr. Geoffrey Wilson, Miss Jane Darwin and Mr. Adrian Cadbury



Mrs. V. Scott was sitting out with Dr. Edward Anderson in the hall and discussed the next meet



Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Hine and Mrs. Hankey and the Hon. R. M. A. Hankey, who has recently been appointed British Ambassador at Stockholm



Mr. Cyril Lewis amused Miss Anne Holland, a joint-Master of the hunt, with a good story



Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Fisher, Mr. Douglas Thomson, Mr. Peter Smith, Mrs. T. L. Palmers, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Thomson and Mr. T. L. Palmers

Gabor Denes





THE NAUGHTY NINETEEN TWENTY-SIXES. Percival Browne (Hugh Paddick) revives memories of Armentières with Madame Dubonnet (Joan Sterndale Bennett) while the young ladies of her finishing school, Dulcie (Maria Charles), Maisie (Denise Hirst), Fay and Nancy (Joan Gadsdon and Juliet Hunt) watch with interest the reactions of Polly (Anne Rogers) to the boy friend Tony (Anthony Hayes)

Anthony Cookman

[Illustration  
by Emmwood]

## At the Theatre

### "The Boy Friend" (Wyndham's)

SOME older brother may still have been lording it in the cradle meant for you when *No, No, Nanette* was at the Palace. It may have been to that show, or to one very like it, that you took your first girl friend. But whether you are young or what is euphemistically called middle-aged is of no moment. This, emphatically, is the show for you.

If you are young you will be somewhat surprised to discover that musical comedy in the twenties had a great deal more gaiety than the solemn musicals of today, and if you are not so young you will comfortably remember how banal you once thought the music, how preposterous the romance, and be pleasingly surprised that now in this extraordinarily happy *pastiche* they are both rather touching.

Mr. Sandy Wilson, I gather, is himself too young to have known the thing he imitates so perfectly. That almost goes without saying. Nobody himself youthfully involved in a period is to be trusted to mimic its style without either sentimentalizing it horribly or mocking it out of all recognition.

MR. WILSON avoids both pitfalls. His invented tunes are good and characteristic of the period, with the possible exception of "It's Never Too Late To Fall In Love," which rings on the ear as something of a later date, and his story has rounded up all the old absurdities into what might be called a well-made whole. And Miss Vida Hope, his producer, is equally sure-footed. He has shown the strictest regard for the essentials of the style he is reproducing; and she has seen to it that the company put across these essentials without the smallest suggestion that they think all this old-fashioned stuff rather nonsense.

Scrupulous care has been taken with detail. Women's figures have miraculously changed since the twenties. The ladies of this musical comedy wear not only the dresses of the twenties but display (by some means known only to themselves and the ingenious costumier, Mr. Reginald Woolley) the figures of the twenties. Methods of theatrical make-up have also changed. The company use the make-up of twenty years ago, and it is quite a shock to note how subtle a transformation of method this

shy art has undergone at the hands of its devoted practitioners in this comparatively short time.

The story with instantly recognizable propriety rests on two pretences, both highly creditable to the romantic pretenders. Polly Browne, the nicest girl in a finishing school at Nice, pretends that she is not the daughter of a millionaire. And for the best of reasons, she has fallen in love at first sight with a tall, Jack Buchananesque hotel Buttons, who for some slightly obscure reason is pretending that he is not the scion of an aristocratic family. That there is love at first sight is naturally indicated by the Buttons depositing his band-box on a convenient chair in order that he and the breathlessly adoring heroine may do a little step dance together.



HORTENSE (Violetta) brings another breath of Parisian insouciance with her maid's apron and cap

ROMANCE then has its way, but just when they have built themselves a dream room in a Bloomsbury where nothing matters but love, the runaway aristocrat catches sight of his parents strolling on the plage. He dashes away through the crowd round the bandstand, and the heroine, like the chorus, leaps to the dreadful conclusion that he is nothing but a thief fleeing from the police. There is a truly affecting moment of true love meeting with cruel disillusionment. The chorus turns its back that Polly Browne may broken-heartedly murmur the reprise of "I Could Be Happy With You," and as she turns away crushed the chorus smartly faces about and gives us with brutal heartiness the whole refrain of the love song.

As the golden girl with the smile of mock insipidity, Miss Anne Rogers is quite impeccable. Much depends on her, and she never lets the finishing school down. Mr. Anthony Hayes is a hero whose modesty nicely becomes the modesty of the heroine. Nobody understands better than Miss Joan Sterndale Bennett the English idea of flightiness in a Frenchwoman old enough to know better, and Mr. Hugh Paddick copes with the outrageous situations she creates in a decently diffident English way. "Violetta" (should we call her Miss Violetta or the Violetta?) makes a lively figure of the soubrette.





MISS MARY PARKER is the actress sister of Lt.-Cdr. Michael Parker, R.N., Private Secretary to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. Miss Parker, who is twenty-one, has had a considerable success on the stage in Australia, where a visiting English producer of Shakespeare noted her talent and recommended her to a repertory company. She has now come to England to try to make her way on the stage here, either in straight plays or musical comedy

## London Limelight



Harold Kasket (Chief of Police) and Kenneth Griffith (the Student) seize their chances at the Arts

## Revivalism From Old Russia

"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT," the begetter of a very great deal of contemporary thought in the theatre, is being presented with distinction at the Arts. This version, from Gaston Baty, first seen on T.V., is no better and certainly no worse than its predecessor, by Rodney Ackland, for any cutting from the rich original tapestry would have its own merit.

There are no easy rows to hoe, the ground having been well harvested by Messrs. Ustinov and Gielgud. But on the rotation of crops, the richest performance comes from Kenneth Hyde, whose all too brief picture of Marmeladoff, that wretched self-pitying lump of Russian worthlessness, provided the best piece of acting in London for a long time. Mr. Hyde's performance seemed to me (as with Charles Victor's Doolittle) perfection. He stole not one iota from his fellows, yet was master of his moments of situation.

THERE is a splendid ancient regime ring about the claim to fame of young Mr. Vic Perry, who is appearing at Quag's. He states directly that he is "The World's Greatest Pickpocket," prudently adding that he has lectured on his skill to many police training schools.

There is no doubt at all about his skill. This bearded mock villain, who weighs 20 stone, can remove your change, your braces or your collar-studs without making you aware of anything more than a tap on the shoulder. And he does it with a joviality which infects even his victims.

A STRANGE little offering on the shrine of entertainment was made recently at the Boltons under the title *Moon Music*. The group of Bachelors of Arts (of Cambridge) responsible operated a puppet show, not very expertly, to the accompaniment of a piano and the spoken word. The piano in its turn was in some way connected to a lighting switchboard which wandered around the rainbow in a series of erratic jerks. The verbal section was not a felicitous matter—it concerned the adventures of two strip-cartoon characters upon the moon—and the total effect was both funny peculiar and ha! ha!

This, I am informed, has "opened a field of immense potential potency, especially in the form of communication which we know as Art." It is also "akin to the cerebral input/output function"—a point which escaped me at the time. Cruelty is too easy in dealing with the young and earnest, but if they court attention they also solicit advice. In this case it is that they get a mental haircut and try for jobs as assistant stage managers of hardworking repertory companies.

—Youngman Carter





Baron

JACK BUCHANAN, who made his first West End stage appearance in 1912, is currently to be seen at the Garrick Theatre in the successful comedy *As Long As They're Happy*, and also at the Empire Cinema, Leicester Square, in *The Band Wagon*. In both the wit and personality which have made him the very *preux chevalier* of the lighter dramatic and musical stage shine as brightly as ever, to the delight of audiences, and the instruction of young aspirants in the same medium of entertainment



A YOUNG PEOPLE'S BALL was given by Mrs. G. K. Hampshire at the Blue Pool Restaurant, Westminster, when Miss Susan Hampshire and Mr. Colin Maher were among the company of dancers

## Talk Around the Town

THERE has been a sadly unkempt look about the approaches to Marlborough House since Queen Mary died in March of last year. Even when she was in residence there—with sentries posted on each side—the gates had more the appearance of a tradesmen's door than the principal entrance to a Royal residence.

A similarly casual look surrounded Clarence House when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh lived there; the sentry always seemed incongruous.

When the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret come back next month they will find a slightly more convenient approach, for the house has been enlarged in recent months, and they will now have a more private entrance.

I was reminded the other week that Princess Anne was not the first "Edinburgh" Princess to have played about in the small walled garden of Clarence House.

There were once three of them—"Missy," "Ducky" and "Sandra" by nickname, and they became in time Queen Marie of Rumania, Princess of Hohenlohe Langenberg, while the third was the Princess Victoria who married the Grand Duke of Hesse first, waited for Queen Victoria's death to spare her grandmother sorrow, then got a divorce and married the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia.

Their father, like a later Duke of Edinburgh, was posted as a naval officer to Malta, only by then—in the eighties—it was as Commander-in-Chief.



What the future holds for adjacent Marlborough House no one at present seems to know. It has never seemed a place to bring young people up in, so grim is its exterior, although Queen Mary raised her family there before she went on to Buckingham Palace.

The London Museum? The decision will be made by the Queen herself.

★ ★ ★

WHEN the Queen opened her New Zealand Parliament she found no Upper House to which she could summon the Commons—but there was a Black Rod. Thus do the mediæval traditions of Westminster encircle the world. For there is also a Black Rod, symbol of chivalry, in the Houses of Parliament in Canada. And, for all I know (for there is scant literature upon the subject) in other Empire legislatures.

When General Sir Brian Horrocks was given the post five years ago I rang up his office. I found it disconcerting to be answered with: "*Black Rod speaking.*"

The man whose task it is to summon the Commons to the Lords (and have the door slammed in his face each time) used to have a fine residence at Westminster, second only to that of the Lord Chancellor. And the job was worth £5000. It is about a quarter of that to-day.

I DON'T know which Black Rod it was, but one of them has told a story about a speech from the Throne which won a wager of £100.

The Prince Regent bet Sheridan that he could insert the words "baa, baa, black sheep" into his address. He did so. I believe such high spirits are frowned on to-day, although the words seem as relevant as much else that finds its way into Hansard.

An unsuspected duty of Black Rod which can scarcely be pleasant came to light the other day when a murder appeal was heard in the House of Lords.

It fell to Sir Brian Horrocks to be the wader. There was something not a little touching about the man's reported remark: "He was very nice to me and said if there was anything I wanted just to touch the bell."

★ ★ ★

WHEN the Royal Academy runs short of ideas for winter exhibitions, it might do worse than consider a theme now being exploited in a modest way by the Tooth Gallery.

Here you may see a score or so of pictures illustrating some Italian aspects of the "Grand Tour" of the eighteenth century, including three paintings by Thomas Patch,

## SEA PIECES

### LONG DROP

Per bathyscaph a man, 'tis said,  
Found that the ocean had no bed,  
And, dropping through the earth-thick seas,  
Surfaced at the Antipodes.

### HAUTE COUTURE

They say my swim-suits are the smartest yet,  
Too, too delicious! N.B.—Do not wet.

### AQUARIUM THOUGHT

In crisis I could wish  
To quit me like the fish,  
Not snarling, not the least  
Like vulgar jungle beast,  
But like the cod or plaice,  
With inexpressive face.

—Eric Chilman

who got as far as Florence on his own tour and then settled down to paint like Canaletto (even to making Florence look exactly like Venice), and generally revelling in the landscapes which were then becoming romantic in travellers' eyes.

Two canvases are by a Pompeo Batoni, whose chief patrons were the young Englishmen who passed through Rome, and one thinks at once of Chesterfield's son and the advice showered on that oversponsored youth.

Avoid consorting with fellow countrymen, the father wrote to young Stanhope, "for being very awkward, confoundedly ashamed and not speaking the languages, they go into no foreign company—at least, none good—but dine and sup only with one another at the tavern."

This comment tends to hold good to-day.

I HAD a mind to discover just what the Grand Tour meant to the Chesterfields, and I find it took the young man five years; one year in Lausanne to learn languages generally, another in Leipzig, a third around the small German Courts, a fourth in Italy and the last year in Paris.

After which a youth could return to London a prig after his parents' hearts.

In some church in Bedfordshire there is a brass commemorating a young gentleman who was overcome when crossing the Alps on his tour. The epitaph reads: "*If God can so treat a man of this quality, think what may happen to you.*"

There is also in the Tooth show a replica of the National Portrait Gallery's "Horace Walpole" at about the time he quarrelled with Thomas Gray. What a pageant of

famous travellers this century produced to suffer the discomforts of Continental travel! Yet they do not seem to have worried much about the bone-shaking transport; perhaps they realised it was good for their livers? And did not Dr. Johnson say something to the effect that he would not at all mind spending his life driving in a post-chaise with a pretty woman?

★ ★ ★

ALL must applaud the poise which Princess Marie Louise brought to a recent encounter with a restaurant fiddler who played to her at the table. There was that pause, which some of us find so embarrassing—should one applaud him or just grin?—but the Princess merely said: "And what are you going to play next?" and went on talking.

Of course, she might have said, "Now play something by Bach," which could have disconcerted the fiddler. The most musically sensitive member of the Royal family has a great fondness for this composer.

"Bach is one of the perfect solutions to most problems," she likes to say.

It is extremely difficult to name offhand a piece of music when asked suddenly. I saw a distinguished conductor nonplussed during a parlour game. "Well," he said, "I . . . really . . . must I? . . . I don't know what to say." Then inspiration came to him. "God Save the King," he said. Perhaps he thought that would stop the silly game. But it didn't.

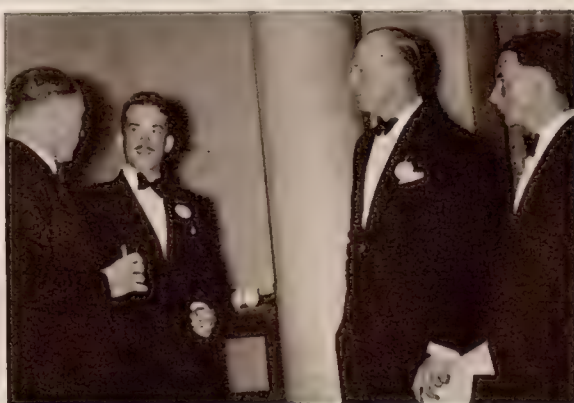
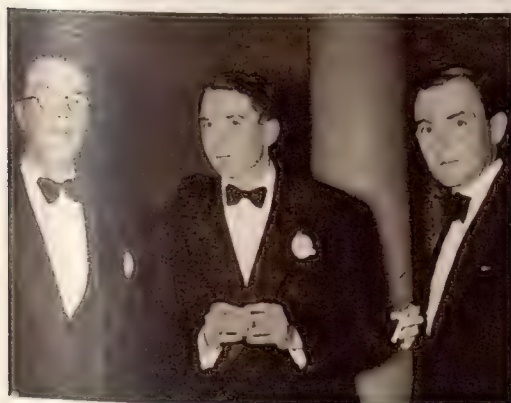
★ ★ ★

ONE of the silliest synonyms encouraged by Fleet Street recently is "Edwardian" when what is really meant is "young thug."

What in the name of St. Sartorius has the wearing of narrow trousers and long jackets by adolescent gangsters got to do with the era of King Edward VII? This mode of garb is borrowed from the Negroes, by way of the West Indies, the deep South and Harlem. The American Negro has always loved fantastic clothes, and, in his more primitive days, the man with the long-draped coat, the high white collar and the knobby shoes below the tight trousers could always win his girl. It was probably revived through the lamentable jitterbugging phase.

The "knuts" of the years between 1907 and 1914 were not spivs, nor crooks. They were mostly young clerks, the greater number of whom never survived until 1918. The next thing we will know will be gangs of garroters roaming the streets at night and being referred to in headlines as "Victorian."

—Gordon Beckles



Old Cliftonians (Suez Canal Zone Branch) Gave Their Annual Dinner at the Fayid Officers' Club

Major A. F. Leslie, M.B.E., and Lt. G. E. Cooper, R.A., who appeared in a C.Z. production of "Carrington, V.C.," and Major G. E. Alexander, R.A.

S/Ldr. D. A. de S. Young-James, R.A.F., Lt. J. E. Bazley, R.E., Brig. G. B. Bell, C.B.E., Branch president, and Lt. P. R. Akerman, R.A.O.C. (Parachute Brigade)

Major H. P. Maguire, Major O. S. M. Mackenzie, R.A., W/Cdr. M. S. R. White, R.A.F., and S/Ldr. W. P. Hogarth, of the R.A.F. Regiment



## BALL DREW THE STING OF HOLIDAY'S END

*JUST* before their return to school for the spring term, several hundred boys and girls enjoyed a most diverting evening at a ball given in aid of the League of Pity, junior branch of the N.S.P.C.C., at the latter's headquarters, Victory House, Leicester Square. As the clock struck twelve the guests, aged from nine upwards, agreed that it had been a worthy conclusion to the holidays



*Mr. D. E. Rowe-Byrne, organising secretary, League of Pity, Mr. R. Inglez, whose band provided the music, Mrs. George Courtauld, chairman, and Mrs. Robin Fenwick, N.S.P.C.C. organiser, had a drink together*



*Mr. Nigel Patrick and his wife, Miss Beatrice Campbell (right), talked to Miss Josephine Winham and Mr. Tony Clover Brown*



*Mr. D. Albery poured the drinks for his table companions, Mr. Ian Albery, Miss Sylvia Compton Miller and Mrs. F. White, a member of the very active committee, to which the success of the ball was due*



*Miss Margaret Leonard-Morgan, Mrs. J. Penry-Thomas, hon. ball secretary, and Mr. Kenneth and Miss Paula Mantovani*





Three Uppingham scholars, Mr. James Moore, Mr. Gavin Tait and Mr. Robert Johnson, escorted Miss Hilary Linstead (left), Miss Caroline Clogg and Miss Charlotte Millington



Van Hallan

Sitting out on the stairs were Mr. Christopher Carvalho, Miss Pat Richards, Miss Aphra Featherstonhaugh, Mlle. Therese Guerin and Mr. Samuel and Mr. George Courtauld, who are both at school at Gordonstoun. They are the sons of the ball chairman



## DINING OUT

### Touchstone Of A Champagne Mood

I READ the other day in a newspaper that a West End restaurant—name not given—was cutting the prices of its champagnes to £2 a bottle. It was just after I had suggested that there might be January bargain sales in restaurants.

Now £2 is not necessarily a bargain.

If you choose a place which has no licence, where you bring in your wine discreetly wrapped in the evening paper (and there are many, I sorrow to say, such places), you can get a quite drinkable champagne for as little as 23s. Personally, if I were in a champagne mood, I would not go carrying bottles around the streets, certainly not 23s. ones.

The prices of wines, and the price of dining out altogether, is a vexed problem. How, in Paris, a dinner costing 1000 francs in one place can raise itself to 6000 down the street for no reason very evident to the casual visitor is a mystery which, unsolved, has led many to the conviction that Paris is no longer the place for good food.

Paris, happily, is not France.

AU SAVARIN (Charlotte Street, Upper Soho).—Not for the first time a reader has written recommending this good example of a small Soho restaurant in the medium-price range (8s. to 15s., *sans vin*). "Everyone seems to exert themselves to make my visits enjoyable," he writes. That is one-half of the secret of success; the other half makes a speciality of Greek and Levantine dishes. Usually they have something good in the sweets line. Appreciation of Mediterranean cooking has gone up in London since the war; for obvious reasons.

I SAW a picture the other day which was presumably printed to illustrate the fine cuisine of a restaurant. One chef (tall hat and all) was handing to another chef—what do you think? Tins of soup.

Some tinned soups are *excellent*, more so when stock is added to them; but that is not what we dine out for. The tins are the reserves of our larders.

I was given bortsch the other evening. It has an exotic sound to most ears, perhaps to be confused with borzois, sables and sapphires, and Grand Dukes. Yet what is bortsch, after all? Beetroot, cabbage and potatoes, with sour cream. Or if no sour cream, yoghourt. Anyone can make it at home, and certainly a restaurant can.

Keep a clear mind about the soups offered you. And applaud a place where the soup is good. You can dine lightly and well, even at this winter season, off as little as a substantial salad if you have a good soup. Cheese. And a bottle of wine.

—I. Bickerstaff





Brodrick Haldane

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA ILEANA OF HABSBURG, who is nineteen years old and a very keen student of art, is a granddaughter of the late Queen Marie of Rumania. She has recently been visiting this country from Boston, Mass., where her parents, Princess Ileana of Rumania and the Archduke Anton Habsburg, now live

## Priscilla in Paris

### Gliding Licence

### —Unofficial

I WAS out, dark and early, on the coldest morning of these recent frosts, and the sand-sprinklers had not yet reached the purlieus of St. Germain des Près. Away slid my unwary feet on the slippery asphalt and—miraculously remaining upright—I started on the longest slide I have ever accomplished, even in the far-away days of my exploits on the Round Pond. There was nothing rough-hewn about my progress; indeed, I like to think it was both dignified and graceful; but, dreading what the end might be, I prayed that a watchful Divinity might shape it gently.

My prayer was answered. Unfortunately, the lamp-post I managed to grab stood just outside the Fiacre. Some belated revellers emerged from the cabaret while, still clinging to the post, I struggled to regain breath.

A whirlwind seemed suddenly to envelop me and I fell flat. "Thash my lam'post!" growled a masculine voice, and I looked up to see a youthful but determined lad glaring down at me. "You can keep it, buddie," I answered meekly as his friends helped me to my feet. A mild answer turneth away wrath. The young man repented and became generous. "Naw! You have it!" said he, and tried to push it towards me. While his pals laboriously picked him up, I jumped into a near-by taxi. "I hope this is your taxi, too!" I remarked as we drove away and, judging from the faces of the trio, I think it must have been.

THERE will be joy for the lovelies when Gabrielle Chanel—"Coco" to her friends—rolls up the sleeves of her jersey and after her long absence, again takes her foremost place in the world of *la grand couture* in February. Chanel was

the first of the great designers to preconize sports clothes in town and allow them to be worn late into the afternoon, but one hopes that now she will be severe with those young people who have made too free with her teachings. Too often nowadays sports clothes mean untidiness. Shapeless jerseys, baggy-elbowed cardigans, creased, sun-faded scarves; also how tired one is of tartan trews with mink coats and, worst sin of all, high heels with slacks.

There seems to be rather a revolt against slacks of late. *Monsieur the Administrateur* of the Comédie Française has let it be known that he will be grateful if the ladies of the company will refrain from coming to rehearsal in trouses! One can understand this. It must be difficult to judge how a young Phædra is shaping when she tears passion to tatters while wearing corduroy pants.

THE play's the thing, no doubt, but costumes and décor are, usually, assets.

André Beaugé, the remarkable *Monsieur Beaucaire* of *Messageur's* musical version of Booth Tarkington's famous novel, has founded a Conservatoire that is well known to producers in search of talent. The other evening he presented some of his pupils in selections from various operettas and plays at his studio on the avenue de Villiers. I had expected to see awkward amateurs, instead I found brilliant young performers; how still more, brilliant they will be with the helpful aid of costume and scenery!

A dimpled, blue-eyed coloratura who looked as if she was in her very early twenties (the footlights had nothing to do with it) was an exquisite Rosine with the voice of a Frieda Hemple, and the self-possession of a Lily Pons. The programmes had not arrived, but a little snooping allowed me to discover that her name was Edmée Duval. Another future musical-comedy star is Arlette Didier, and the French radio will be lucky to get hold of Nicole César, whose rendering of Fauré and Poulenc enchanted the audience.

IT is always a great night at the circus when the programme changes. This week at Medrano it was a greater night than ever. All theatreland turned up to welcome Buster Keaton back to Paris in an hilarious comedy act. The spotlight worked overtime picking out front-row stars. Maurice Chevalier, Françoise Rosay, Alice Coccea, Juliette Greco and her husband, Blanche Montel, Serge Veber and *tutti quanti*.

Three cameras were smashed in the frantic rush to catch up with one of Captain Smith's chimps when it took a flying leap and, flinging its arms round Maurice's neck, embraced him *à la Russe*. Maurice took it in good part. When a would-be wit murmured something about "birds of a feather," he turned his profile to the light, thrust out his lower lip, and said: "I protest! We are not birds!"

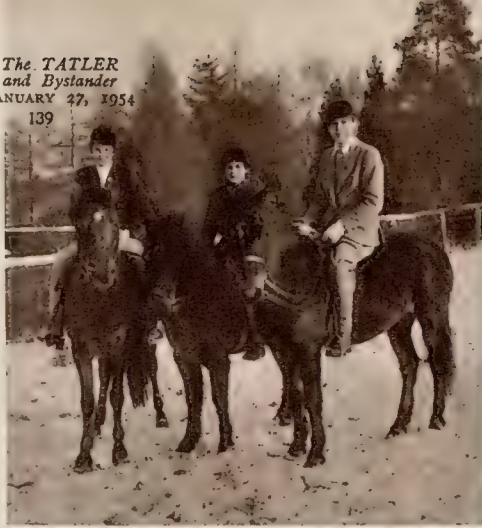
## Enfin!

● The famous comedian starts writing articles for a weekly paper. "He has never made us laugh so much before!" say his dearest enemies.





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*Mrs. J. Kelley, from Ireland, and her daughter Dolores were about to have some cake before following the hounds on foot*

*Ready for serious business after the previous evening's merriment were Jennifer Dean, Anne Leopard and Susan Allpress*

*Others fortifying themselves against the chill were Mrs. E. Mews and her daughter Sarah with Richard Mews i/c dogs*



## OVER THE THINNING SNOW TO FIND A HILLSIDE FOX

*On the morning after the Cotswold Hunt Children's Ball, the Master, Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, Bt., leads the field to the first covert, from the meet at Rossley Manor (in the background)*

**Continued  
overleaf**





*Watching for friends: Charlotte Kleinwort, Henry Crichton-Stewart, Biddy Stennon, David Hood, Camilla Bellville and Malcolm Stennon*



*Dining at a candle-lit table were Rosemary Lintott, Michael Lintott, John Harries and Susan Allpress, who meant not only to dance all night (if possible) but to hunt all next day as well*

## COTSWOLD HUNT CADETS DANCED AT ROSSLEY

**F**EW grown-up functions can equal in sheer pleasure the Children's Ball given annually by the Cotswold Hunt. This year's event at Rossley Manor Country Club, near Cheltenham, was brilliantly successful, and a horn-blowing contest was the source of much admiration—and some amusement



*In happy contemplation of a visit to the soft-drinks bar after a lengthy session on the dance floor were Fiona Cairns, Norris Bomford, Caroline Price, John Price, Susan Bomford and Peter Lintott*



*Malcolm Stennon tells Charlotte Dennis (daughter of Capt. Dennis, U.S.N.) how to work the spinning-wheel*



*This charming group awaiting their partners' return with refreshments consisted of Annette Morrison, Pamela Pitman, Marguerite Pitman, Elizabeth Todd and Diana Martin*





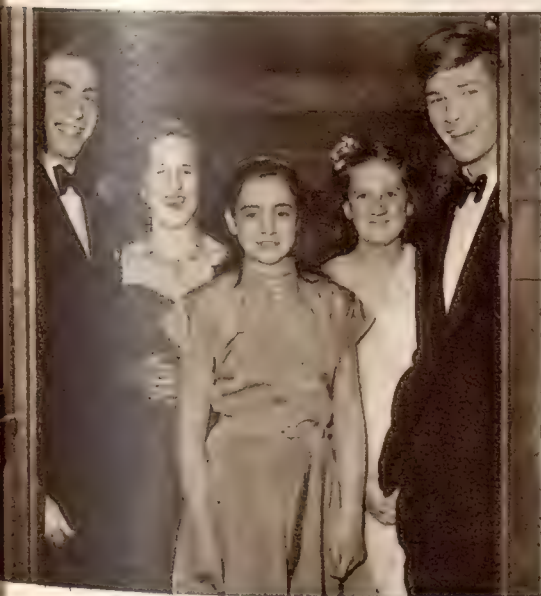
Jasmine Grassie, winner of the "Under Eleven" horn-blowing competition, gives a demonstration



Helping themselves to the good things set out on one of the side tables were Mary Fletcher, John Such, Gill Dennis and June Such. About 250 attended this very competently-organised event



"Shadow practice" for the horn-blowing by Elizabeth Hazlett and Timothy Hickman Robertson



Entering the ballroom were Anthony Harper, Gillian MacBrayne, Susan Moore, Rosemary Harper and Tony Stewart



There's nothing like a good long spell of dancing for making you pleasantly tired, and Rosemary Hicks Beach, with the privilege of youth, snuggled down on a settee for an interval nap

Swaebe



D. B. Wyndham Lewis

# Standing By ...

IN nearly all the best surviving clubs nowadays you hear members eagerly pressing some rather special wine-list item on distinguished guests, the conversation going something like this:

"Another magnum, Vicomte?"

"Mon Dieu, Sir George, I don't mind if I do. It is a wine veritably superb!"

"Well, it ought to be, it's made from 'KLECKO' ALL-BRITISH CHAMPAGNE CRYSTALS—The Champagne Mother Used To Make."

"Ah! Magnifique!"

"And so economical, Vicomte! The large 3/6 bottle makes half-a-gallon."

"I congratulate your Wine Committee, Sir George!" (Thinks: "Ma foi, I must lay down a dozen of this before my next duel!")

Exhilaration doesn't last long, alas. Lines of foreboding and despair continue to deepen on those glossy, clean-cut, Pall Mall pans. It was therefore a pleasure last week to come across the announcement of a new soap which brings the Race breezy joy and confidence by making its skin "country-fresh." Down in the Hick Belt our gratification at this compliment is mingled with a trifle of surprise. We've often seen you City slickers sniffing, and cursed you; we never dreamed our country-freshness was your envy and delight. It is, of course, natural, our traditional attitude to soap in the backwoods being that of the eighteenth-century poet rapping the fine lady for overdoing her face-washes:

What is the Tincture of the finest Skin  
To peace of Mind and Harmony within?

However, we trust the new soap may do something for your morale, sahibs, since drinking seems to have no effect. Keep on with the old scrubber.

## Giftie

AMONG the items omitted by a ripe and mellow thinker recently handing out New Year warnings to youthful New Elizabethans were one or two which we venture to supply herewith:

Never order thick soup in restaurants.

Never be in possession of small change when sharing a taxicab with a man whose net income exceeds £5000 a year.

Never forget that out of the four classes of persons in contemporary England who wear elaborate wigs—actors, judges, clowns and rich women—none is amusing in private life.

Never forget to assure a woman that she is unlike any other woman in the world, after which you may proceed to deal with her as with any other woman in the world.

Never forget, when discussing some matter of moment in highbrow company, that those present probably know even less about it, if possible, than you do.

Never talk when you can listen. Never listen when you can read. Never explain.

Plenty more in stock. For wholesale terms apply to our Surplus Bromides Manager, c/o Joe's Bar.

## Doc

FRONT-RANK dramatists competing for that £25 prize offered by Brighton Corporation for a play to celebrate the borough's forthcoming centenary will probably strive to work in a line or two about the Prince Regent, a chap in close touch tells us.

Otherwise, we hope, every worthy successor of Maugham, Galsworthy and Shaw will concentrate naturally on the real villain, Dr. Richard Russell of Lewes, who slowly murdered the quiet fishing-village of Brighthelmstone with his immensely fashionable sea-bathing racket from the 1750's onward, and was undoubtedly in constant danger of reprisals from the smuggling boys. The guilty, hunted life of Doc Russell reached a climax, it seems to us, when he peeped one day in 1783 over the windowblinds and saw a smart mob cheering the twenty-one-year-old Prince of Wales, then making his first entry. That vision confirmed the doom of Brighthelmstone and, maybe, of the Doc simultaneously. Any resourceful playwright could work up thence to a dramatic finale without bringing "Prinny" into it at all. A "surprise" dénouement occurring to us might help the boys a little. Stand by, cullies.

## Dénouement

STAGGERING from the window into an arm-chair, Doc Russell looks up in terror to see a tall, menacing, ghostly shape in black at his elbow. This is not the long-expected smuggler-assassin but a worse avenger, the Spirit of British Medicine, down from town with an ultimatum as follows:

SP. OF B.M. (sneering): Damme, what's this? A pretty little racquet, ftap me! Ten thousand fmackers a year, grofs! Russell, the boys are out to get you. Hand over some of those duchesses and make it snappy.

The trouble, of course, being that Doc Russell's racket has got the Harley Street boys on the skids, all the Beau Monde now flocking for treatment to Brighton. So the poor old Doc hands in his checks and dies. Outside on the Steyne as the curtain falls a rich, fruity voice is heard. "Damned good show, damme—hey? What? what?" That would be George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales, if you must have that bore in the show.



"Me-me-me-me-me-me-me. . .

## Beddybys

TO Nordics afflicted with insomnia who habitually read in bed, we commend a timely little manual called *Books at Bed-time*, newly compiled by Raymond Lister, with an introduction by Philip Gosse (Golden Head Press, Linton; 10s.). It consists of a classified list of attested bromides, chiefly Victorian, all guaranteed to ensure deep, refreshing sleep. Examples picked at random:

OGG, G.: Dry Rot.

FOLKARD, H. T.: Wigan Public Library; its Rise and Progress.

SMALTZ, R. G.: Hours and Earnings in the Leather Glove Industry.

CLARK, F.: National Fitness.

MACERONI, T.: Hints to Pavlovs.

ANON.: The Parish Register for Piddlehinton (Dorset).

HENDRICK, P. G.: Handbook for Fitters of Abdominal Supports.

There are also blank pages for personal preferences, old or current. At Mr. Gosse's warm personal recommendation of the major works of Sidney Webb (*Industrial Democracy*, *A History of Liquor Licensing*, etc.) we incline to hesitate. Memsaahibs pursuing the British way of life certainly will not care for this author's curious leer, detectable also in J. S. Mill, whose *Political Economy* a sweetheart we know once read in bed, awaking in terror at 3 a.m. to see a satyr peering at her through the undergrowth. Mill, Webb, Firbank, Proust, Joyce, Pierre Louÿs—there's a time for reading the *faisandé* boys, and we don't think it's bedtime.

BRIGGS. . . . by Graham





## WINTER GLOOM BROKEN BY R.A.F. AT UPWOOD

A MOST entertaining ball was given at Upwood R.A.F. Station, Hunts, attended by more than 500 officers and their guests. Hospitality was warm and lavish, and features which inevitably attracted the eye were the decoration in paper relief devised by F/O. Eric Milburn, and the beautiful flowers. The whole evening, in fact, was one of thoughtfulness on the part of the hosts, and of the keenest appreciation by their guests



Against a floral screen, Gp/Capt. R. A. C. Carter, the commanding officer, and Mrs. Carter were standing to receive the guests



W/Cdr. P. M. Brothers, Mrs. F. C. Huddleston, Mrs. Brothers and W/Cdr. H. M. T. Eversfield



Mrs. Whitehead and F/Lt. E. Whitehead chatting with S/Ldr. R. A. J. Talbot and Mrs. Talbot



The guest of honour, Air Vice-Marshal Sir George Mills, A.O.C.-in-C., Bomber Command, and Lady Mills (right) were here with Mrs. Hogan (left), W/Cdr. G. J. C. Hogan, W/Cdr. D. C. Smith and Mrs. Smith



Hollowood

"Goodness, Elsie! What have you got in your bottom drawer?"

## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

AN after-dinner speaker once known for his long and rather boring speeches now expresses himself with brevity. Asked the cause of the change in method, he explained:

"During a speech of mine one man said to another: 'What follows this speaker?' And the other replied: 'Wednesday.'"

ONE day an agricultural expert received an enquiry from an amateur poultry-keeper, who asked: "How long should a fowl be allowed to sit on its eggs?" The expert promptly replied: "Three weeks for chickens; four weeks for ducks."

A month went by, and the poultry-keeper sent another letter. "I let the hen stay on the eggs for three weeks," he said, "and no chickens came. I didn't want any ducks, so I took her off the nest and sold the eggs."

A LITTLE girl was adopted by a couple, and they were very anxious that she should not know that they were not her real parents. One day her "mother" overheard the child talking to a small friend.

"You know," she said, "I have such trouble with my mummy and daddy."

"Oh, why?" asked the friend. "I think they're lovely people."

"Oh, yes, they are," went on the child earnestly, "but I'm so afraid they will find out one day that I'm not really their little girl."

HIS conscience smiting him, the young man decided to visit his aged uncle. So he set off, and when he arrived at the station he found the only person in sight was a hard-bitten old local inhabitant.

"Can you tell me, please, where Farmer John Smith lives?" inquired the young man.

"He's dead," answered the local. "He died last week, sudden like."

"Dead?" echoed the young man. "Why, I've come all the way from London just to spend the week-end with him!"

The rustic's faded eyes took in the nephew's immaculate clothes and his air of self-importance.

"Must 'a been expecting you," he drawled.



## At The Pictures

20<sup>TH</sup> Century  
Frieze

William Powell and  
Lauren Bacall in  
"How to Marry a  
Millionaire."

ARTISTS are said to benefit by the salutary discipline imposed by arbitrary restrictions of space and length. Thus film directors and designers may yet find inspiration through CinemaScope, 20th Century-Fox's own ribbon development of the elongated screen.

As Basil Wright has pointed out, friezes have their limitations, although no doubt they served the ancients honourably enough. Up to its second chapter in *How to Marry a Millionaire* (Odeon, Marble Arch); CinemaScope can still frolic and cavort, disporting itself along the new screen strip. New York's skyline is a perfect subject for it (although this too-familiar view can hardly be given more than a short new lease of life); the penthouse occupied as headquarters for the husband-hunting expedition has a fine glass frontage on the river, also the right shape. The daytime job of the three heroines allows a dress-show as shapely as colourful; a shot of an airstrip on which the camera is about to land is the only comparable phenomenon with the wonderful galloping white horses in *The Robe*. The silliest space-filler is the orchestra at beginning and end.

SUCH vast space is wasted on a comedy which would have been funny anyway. In my opinion this company failed to make a worthy film of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. They have made an almost wholly amusing one about three blondes (more or less) who prefer rich gentlemen.

Lauren Bacall, moving spirit of the three smart models, lays down as a first rule that gentlemen callers must wear ties. Her most stylish performance is her slowness in realising that under an open shirt may beat not only a healthy appetite for hamburgers but a millionaire's bank-roll.

Blonde Marilyn Monroe responds to being made nearly blind as well as dumb by being much funnier than she was as Lorelei.

BETTY GRABLE easily seems the most probable of the three—even when isolated with measles and through the natural mistake of assuming that a lodge in the mountains must be masonic and a refuge for Elks. It is a pleasure to see William Powell urbane as ever.

Fernandel, perhaps, is still the clown who has found he can play *Hamlet*. Since *Don Camillo*, further demonstration is not really necessary. But if Fernandel wants to show that he can play the amorous husband consoling himself for a frigid wife (Claude Nolliar) by a fling back to youth (Françoise Arly) as well as the next French actor, *Forbidden Fruit* (Cameo Polytechnic) will do as well as the next French triangle drama.

Aboard the whaler in *Hell Below Zero* (Plaza), Alan Ladd goes aground in the Antarctic, is rammed by the villain, then picnics on floating ice until a man-hunt on skis culminates in single combat with ice-picks. Far the best thing in the film is Jill Bennett's performance in the extraordinary role of a Norwegian woman skipper.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Arthur Lemon

RUTH SHIELL, a twenty-year-old Londoner, appears as a palace girl in her fourth film, *You Know What Sailors Are*, which is shortly being released by the J. Arthur Rank Organisation. She worked as a fashion model and then spent two years at the R.A.D.A., where she gained a diploma for her acting. Her hobbies include making jewellery, painting, playing the piano and magazine illustrating. The new film, which was directed by Ken Annakin at Pinewood Studios, is a romantic comedy set in England and the Middle East





## JESTERS MADE MERRY AFTER TOURNAMENT

AT the Royal Air Force Club, Piccadilly, the Jesters gave a cocktail party following the Amateur Squash Rackets Championships. Many lady guests had been invited, and the principal toast of the evening was to Mr. Alan Fairbairn, winner for the second year in succession



Mr. Alan Fairbairn, who won one of the closed finals for many years, acknowledges the congratulations of the company—

—among whom was Mrs. Alan Fairbairn, who raised her glass to drink success and continued good luck to her husband



Mr. N. F. Borrett, amateur champion from 1946-51, with Mrs. J. F. Stokes, and Lt.-Col. P. D. Maud, M.B.E., chairman of the championship committee



Mr. Maurice Baring, Miss Diana Craig, Mrs. Bradshaw and Mr. Dorman Bradshaw were discussing the play they had watched during the afternoon



Chairman of the Jesters Club, Dr. J. F. Stokes, was in conversation with Mr. Brian Phillips and Mrs. Joan Strawson



Other guests at this very enjoyable party were Miss Audrey Mills, Mr. R. C. Drayson, Mr. Gerald Pawle and Lady Mary Pawle, daughter of the Marquess Camden



Mr. P. M. H. Robinson, Miss Jill Sole, Mrs. Seymour-Haydon and Cdr. A. A. T. Seymour-Haydon, R.N., had cocktails together. The championships were played at the Lansdowne Club

Gabor Denes





THE BORGWARD DIESEL-ENGINEED SALOON, showing the front-opening doors, which automatically switch on an interior light, and the front seats, adjustable for pitch and rake

**Motoring**

**Oliver Stewart**

## First 1000 Miles In a Diesel



AT THE DERV PUMP. Fuel consumption is better than 40 m.p.g., at 3s. 10d. per gallon

**R**OAST or mashed? The firm, crisp action of a Diesel-engined motor-car is a delightful change from the smooth softness of a petrol-engined car, even if it will not swallow the miles as quickly. The Borgward 1800 Diesel which I have bought for my personal use was delivered three weeks ago, and although as yet I have done only a thousand miles in it, it has taken my fancy

more firmly than any car since my early Brescia Bugatti.

My stern sense of duty to my readers and the fact that hundreds of people were rushing into print about Diesels when they obviously had no experience of them impelled me to go from coil ignition to compression ignition; from petrol to derv; from *purée* to *château*. The trend is clear.

**V**AUXHALL, Standard, Citroën and others are thinking hard about Diesels; Fiat, Mercedes and Borgward are offering standard models. It was clearly necessary for that rare creature, the motoring writer with a conscience, to do more than go round the houses in a car of this kind.

Certain things about the Borgward specification appealed to me. It has independent

mounting all round and not only in front; it has a hand-brake lever which is a hand-brake lever, and not one of those dismembered umbrella handles that have come to British cars from the United States; it has front-hung doors, which are the only safe kind of doors, and the engine has overhead valves and Bosch injection equipment. (Within a day of taking delivery the independent rear-wheel mounting justified itself when I found I could climb an ice-covered hill when the through-axle brigade were slithering sideways directly they let in the clutch.)

**I** KNOW it is sad that I had to turn to a German car and not to a British one; but I promise that if, on longer experience, I should see cause to alter my good opinion of the Borgward, I will state the facts with the utmost frankness. Meanwhile I have come to like the kitchen utensils noise when idling, and the firm pulling of the engine under load. These are attractions which must be added to the fuel economy. The car takes time to run in, and with my ham-handed treatment at the start I was obtaining over 40 miles to the gallon. I shall report a final result worked out on 3,000 miles, with about one-sixth covered in traffic, directly I have all the necessary figures. But it looks as if the claimed 45 miles a gallon will be achieved or bettered.

Starting from cold is simple. One moves a switch and waits for the glow in the cockpit indicator. When the glow has appeared the starter is worked. The engine, if very cold, belches white smoke, but this clears quickly and there is no smoke at all during normal running. The DERV (a word made up of the initial letters of the words "Diesel-engined road vehicle") is readily obtainable, although some garages want to note the number of the car when filling. The filler orifice is ingeniously constructed so that any spill

goes outside the car. Derv costs at present about 3s. 10d. a gallon.

Performance figures must await my later, fuller report because the car needs a good deal of running in. But I do not expect high speed or rapid acceleration. In short, I expect a different sort of motoring which will, I now feel convinced, be every bit as attractive as the more conventional kind.

**O**UR bad roads in the United Kingdom, however much we curse them, may not be looked upon unkindly by the Continental touring agents—and already these agents are starting their campaigns. I suppose that bad roads and inferior catering are among their greatest allies. It is always good to be able to have a meal when you want it and not when some Act of Parliament or some dictatorial hotel or restaurant keeper tells you to have it. And it is pleasant to use roads which are considered to be made for road users. It is a relief, in Paris, to be rid of those scruffy individuals who hang about in London wherever cars are parked and who exact their tips for doing nothing.

The suggestion for the introduction of parking meters in this country seemed to me at first to warrant consideration; but on more mature thought I believe that it would be wrong to have them. So I agree with the A.A. and the R.A.C. in their fight against them. Such meters, if once they come into use here, would prove to our indolent highway authorities that they can still extract more money from motorists without doing anything at all in return for it. The parking meter would further delay already overdue road works.

**A**S for taking the car abroad, there are two popular methods—the air ferry, which I discussed in a previous article, and the sea ferry. Townsend Bros. now tell me that, from the start of the present season, the rate for small cars will be reduced by 20 per cent. For a car with a wheel-base of 7 ft. or less, the charge will now be only £4. The rate in the past was £5. Townsend Ferries began operations in 1928, when Capt. Townsend decided that it cost too much to take a car from England to France. He first chartered small steamers, and then bought a ship of his own, the *Forde*. Since the war this ship has been replaced by the *Halladale*, which can take fifty-five cars. She re-starts her daily service a week before Easter.





Lord Morton of Henryton, president of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, held the putter while standing between the two finalists, Gordon Huddy (left), who played superlative golf to win by 4 and 3 from G. J. Agate. The competition was played at Rye as in previous years

## UNDERGRADUATE WON

### PRESIDENT'S PUTTER

ALTHOUGH the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society inaugurated the President's Putter competition in 1920, undergraduates have seldom got near the final. This year, however, two Oxford and two Cambridge students were in the semi-final, Gordon Huddy, of Selwyn College, winning the trophy from his fellow Light Blue, Jeffrey Agate



Patric Dickinson, the Sussex poet and author, driving off in his third-round match against P. Gardiner-Hill, who beat him 1 up



Sir Harold Gillies, the eminent plastic surgeon, artist and author, winner of the Putter in 1925, was defeated by the holder, Gerald Micklem



The first time a family trio had competed—Mr. Conrad Johnstone (centre) with his sons, Tony Johnstone (Oxford) and David Johnstone (right), who is up at Cambridge



D. R. Stuart  
P. B. Lucas, ex-Cambridge captain and M.P. for Brentford and Chiswick, wiped the snow off his ball before his match against Alan Catchpole





Maurice Ambler

MRS. ROBERT HENREY, authoress of some twenty books, divides her time between her home in Mayfair and her farm at Villers-sur-Mer, France, around which many of her stories, including the "Madeleine" series, have been written. Her latest work, *A Month in Paris*, is to be published in April by Dent

## Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

# Miss Macaulay Rifles A Treasure Chest

ROSE MACAULAY'S new book, *PLEASURE OF RUINS* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 25s.), is fascinating. Has not the title, even, a beckoning and disturbing ring? How few of us fail to delight in ruins, how many of us really know why we do, or how far we may be alone in doing so! Is this taste morbid, freakish or unorthodox—should one regard a ruin as purely "sad"? By Miss Macaulay's showing, clearly not so.

Few living writers can explore or convey either pleasure in general or a particular pleasure as fitly and beautifully as does Miss Macaulay: this her novels and essays show. And here she has the ideal subject, which kindles the reader's imagination no less surely than it has kindled hers. The taste for ruins, it seems, runs far back through time—if it be a failing, it is a civilised one, involving reflection and curiosity, awe of the past, a haunting sense of lost beauty, a certain cult of the fearful and a love of the strange.

Our ancestors, and their own before them, had this strongly—indeed, Miss Macaulay's

first chapter, "Art, Fantasy and Affectation," traces the extremes of delicious silliness to which the taste was carried: the nobleman whose lands lacked a "ruined object" seldom failed to have one constructed for him. Rich Pompeii-dwellers, all unaware that *their* homes were to gratify ruin-seekers, had their walls adorned with frescoes depicting ruins. Painters, poets, philosophers have left us evidence of their satisfaction, sometimes lyrical, sometimes melancholic, with the fallen column and broken arch. The archaeologist makes his own approach, so does the historian—but may we not respect, also, that of the pure, dizzied, sensation-seeker?

FOR the sensation inspired by ruins is of a complex, deeply human kind. How much to be envied is he who first walks down the ghostly street on each side of which temples and palaces stand like architectural skulls, or who mounts cascades of staircase, untrodden for who knows how long by any foot but his?

Ruins are stone ghosts: what is primitively nervous in us reacts to them. But also our pride in humanity is nobly gladdened by these survivals, in which mankind, though gone from this particular scene, is survived by

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his created splendour. It is of majestic ruins—shells of whole cities, temples, theatres, palaces, castles, battlements and once-formidable sea-ports—that Miss Macaulay writes. For these she has ranged the world: traveller and scholar, she tells of what she has seen, of what, unseen, she has read of, and of what, though completely vanished by now, *was* beheld by travellers centuries back.

In fact she has rifled, for her own pleasure and our benefit, a whole imaginative treasure-chest, of which the contents are at the same time dignified by reality and history. In so doing she has given us writing which both in its concrete picturesqueness and its imaginative-poetic range is in itself an experience to read. This long, though never too long, book, *Pleasure of Ruins*, demands to be read and savoured slowly: passages in it affect one like a Coleridge poem.

IN a review, it is hard to suggest the range of this volume—India, Central America, the Barbary Coast, Spain, Italy, Turkey, Greece—and, for castles and abbeys, France and our own land. Baalbek, Tyre, Persepolis, Carthage: what a quiver the names give out! The chapter-titles probably best indicate how the plan goes—"The Stupendous Past," "Ghostly Streets," "The Haunting Gods," "Pleasures and Palaces," "A Fantasy of Castles." We conclude with "A Note on New Ruins"—London and other cities after the blitz.

An inseparable part of *Pleasure of Ruins* is the illustrations, which, many and beautiful, were found by the author. In style these are all romantic, even the photographs. Reproductions of prints, drawings and paintings (some by great masters; others from travellers' sketch-books) not only depict ruins but conjure up the peculiar aura which must surround them.

★ ★ ★

A BED OF ROSES, by William Sansom (Hogarth Press; 12s. 6d.), wears a jacket of appropriate colour—not, indeed, for a long time have I met a novel so attractively clad. Nor is the book within disappointing. Mr. Sansom's stories, I should say, are one of the "musts" of contemporary novel-reading—that is, if one reads (as I do) for pleasure. He has a vivid style, charged with imagination, yet so simple that one may take for granted the magical manner in which the words are fused. And humanly speaking, he is both quick and true in his probings of states of feeling or of mind. He excels at catching people at odd moments, when they are thrown slightly off balance by some event, or by jealousy, mystification or indecision. His characters in the main are "ordinary" people, but he has a way of showing them in some light which brings out their more extraordinary side.

[Continued on page 158.]



"Isn't it marvellous! His poems have been published—and with a calves'-leather cover, gold embossed . . ."





# Fashion Choice of the Week

**T**HIS exquisitely simple, oatmeal-coloured wool dress is the sort of thing in which people say they can "go anywhere and meet anyone"

**A** FORTNUM & MASON exclusive, it has a pretty, folded neck-line, three-quarter sleeves and a pair of belts—the one in ocelot-fabric shown here, and another of the same material as the dress

**I**T costs £14 and comes from Fortnum and Mason's "Demoiselle" Department. The hat, which is real ocelot, is from their Millinery room

By  
Mariel  
Deans



# DIARY OF A LADY OF LIMITED LEISURE

"CULTURE," I sometimes feel—usually after meeting intellectual friends who really read Sartre and Camus, not just the reviews—has about had it so far as I am concerned. Yet I cannot relax and leave it alone—never let it be said that I have no ideas beyond writing letters to E. at school and wondering about child psychology.

Reading I can do only in bed, being an addict who daren't open a book in anything but leisure hours. Theatres and concerts turn up from time to time. But it is borne in on me, hypocritically skimming the Art criticism in the Sunday papers, that it is an awful long time since I entered a picture gallery.

★ ★ ★

LETTER from Penelope, old school friend, curiously echoes this. I haven't seen Penelope since we left school, but we have corresponded desultorily, having much in common—our respective fathers did our Latin homework with a fiery spirit of competition, and betting ran high between us every week as to which of them would be top of the class. Penelope is visiting London this week—couldn't we meet at Burlington House to see the Flemish pictures and do I remember the time I was thrown out of History of Art for talking? Cannot recollect this shady incident, but it is obvious that I am *meant* to brush up on Culture, so I write back accepting and asking if Penelope remembers the time she did handstands all round the cloisters and the Dean complained.

★ ★ ★

THE pursuit of Culture needs more than mental effort. Penelope, because just up from the country, is bound to be elegant in the best of all possible tweeds. I must therefore have my hair set and my black suit pressed. Also I cannot be back to welcome the children from school—Mrs. G. must baby-sit, as she persists in calling it. Also dinner must be got ready in advance—casserole in the oven. By the time I am ready, I feel that those pictures had better be good. . . .

I am early at the tryst and stand outside Burlington House wondering if Penelope meant inside or on the steps or at the top of that kind of receiving stairway or what. Also I wonder whether Penelope will look different in good tweeds from the way she looked in a gym tunic. It even occurs to me to wonder if Penelope will recognize me.

(Continued on page 152)



Hershelle's pure wool coat in cream flecked with black, a mixture they call "silver-birch," has a low-placed martingale belt, big patch pockets and full sleeves finishing in cuffs. It costs £13 7s. 6d. and is stocked by Harrods Budget Shop



# SPRING SUIT

AFTER an English winter with weather reminiscent of the French Riviera (writes Mariel Deans), there are forecasts of an English spring reminiscent of Iceland and places farther north. Overcoats will be worn for many months to come and here is a quartet of new ones—spring-like but warm—and by no means expensive



Windsmoor's toffee-coloured top-coat, made of pure wool and camel-hair, is single-breasted with a modified storm-collar and bold cuffs. The cleverly designed raised seaming at the back curves round to meet the slanted pockets. About 10 gns., from Peter Robinson



Bickler's charming black and white flecked tweed coat has a roll-collar and very low-placed belted pockets. It costs 8½ gns. and comes from Debenham and Freebody's Twenty's Budget Shop



# CONTINUING - DIARY OF A LADY . . .



**S**TILL, when she comes into sight she is unmistakably Penelope. Tweeds, grey lamb coat, grey lamb cap, ear-rings and all, who else could be shrieking recognition quite like that? Unexpectedly, however, she is pushing a small bucket-shaped push-cart containing a hatless, golden-haired infant with fiendish-looking black eyes. "My youngest," she briefly annotates. Slung across her shoulders is an ancient and dilapidated rucksack.

After the complications and sensation inseparable from parking pushchairs in Burlington House, we start on the pictures, preceded by the infant, who seldom answers to the name of Fiona but whose animated trot is slightly restrained by harness in pale blue leather.

★ ★ ★

**P**ENELOPE says what she really wants to see is a Breughel called "Winter Scene." We search concentratedly, handicapped only a little by the rucksack, inquiries after relatives and Fiona's habit of embracing total strangers in a rugged tackle. Eventually we track down the picture and sink on to a seat in front of it. Fiona flattens herself like a kipper under the passing feet—and I remark, having tried hard not to, that "Winter Scene" would really make a terribly nice Christmas card. Penelope looks pained—says that she never has any time to look at pictures nowadays, isn't it terrible, and asks me if I ever heard what happened to Isobel and Pattie. From then on we discuss the fates of our fellow-pupils, congratulate ourselves on having had university educations which enable us to keep up with Culture in spite of domesticity, and compare the weights, heights and educational achievements of our offspring.

★ ★ ★

**I**T seems suddenly that the hours have flown—we have still only looked at one picture, and that vacantly. We gallop, insofar as crowds, rucksack and Fiona permit, round the rest of the Exhibition and rush to a teashop for refreshment. Eventually I leave Penelope, in the height of the rush-hour, at the top of an escalator, folded push-chair hitched under one arm, Fiona bundled under the other, rucksack bobbing on her back. Curiosity can be restrained no longer. I shout after her, "What on earth is in that thing?" Her voice drifts after me as she sinks Eurydice-like into the earth, but the import is lost and I shall never remember to ask her again.

—Diana Gillon







J. Hollander

## SPRING SUIT

**R**ENSOR'S black and white check mohair and wool mixture coat, opposite, has black velvet facings on lapels and pocket flaps, and is worn here with a black velvet stock. It comes from Peter Robinson and costs approximately 13½ gns.

**S**TEPPING out into the Riviera sun, this traveller (above) wears Roecliff and Chapman's beige wool and angora mixture top coat. It has a neat turnover collar and comfortable raglan sleeves. It costs about 16½ gns, and all inquiries should be sent to 19 Grosvenor Street





All the gaiety and colour of the sunny south comes to us with these lovely Italian dolls, distinctive and full of character. You can have "Lucia" from Lombardia, with her basket of chickens, "Emilia," carrying flowers, or "Liguria," carrying fish. There are others from which to choose, and all are exclusive to Woollands, costing £3 3s. each

## SHOPPING

# CANDLELIT

THE frost without, and firelight within. This is the time to surround oneself with beautiful things. Here are some which we hope will add colour and joy to the winter days



Dinner for two at a small table can be shared with this attractive little Harlequinade centrepiece, which makes a change from flowers. Made in Chelsea by an artist, in her own kiln, it has a charm that is quite individual, and costs £2 1s. 6d. From Harrods

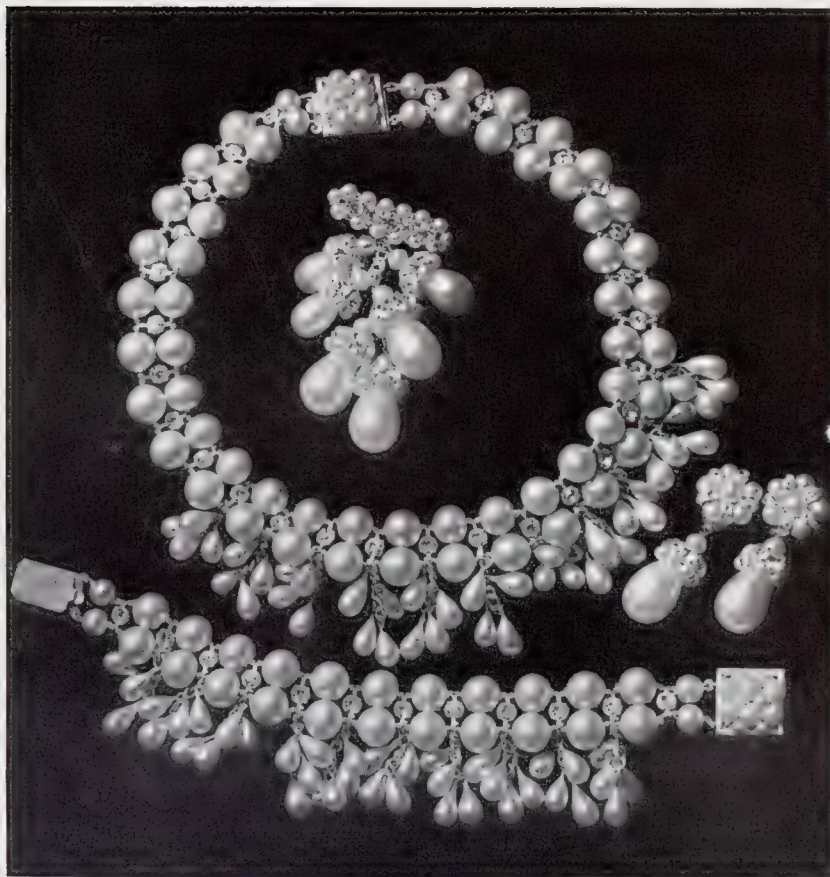


Star find of the week is this Crown Derby with a difference: a delightful breakfast cup and saucer—big enough for a good dish of tea or coffee to start the day—which, made by a new process, enables it to be sold for the low price of 11s. 6d. From Harrods





Three handbags for elegance. Black grosgrain, pochette lined black satin, 13 guineas. French suede, with imitation tortoiseshell ball clasp, calf loop handle and piping, 12 guineas. Smart calf bag, with composition shell and gilt frame, 10 guineas. All from Debenham & Freebody



A set of jewellery, in imitation pearl and diamanté, which can only be described as sumptuous, comes from Debenham & Freebody's new Jewellery Department. The cost of the collarette is 6 guineas, while the bangle is priced at 4½ guineas, and the fob brooch at 49s. 6d. The charming drop ear clips are 35s.

Dennis Smith

## BEAUTY

# FOR COLD SPELLS

Now is the season of chilly weather, source of pinched and unattractive faces, with the sort of cold and damp that shrivels you up inside and out. If I could have my way, I'd like to roll up into a ball and hibernate until the spring, or fly to some warm clime, or sit all day under a sunny lamp.

Maybe you share these inclinations, but since such happy notions are—for most of us—impracticable, it behoves us to face the weather and make the best of it. Here are some useful ideas, culled from experts on the subject.

From a Doctor: Leave dieting alone for the moment. You can get the extra few pounds off later on. In the meantime, eat the foods that nourish the body and give it warmth. Take your full ration of fats. This guards against colds and, at the same time, helps to prevent your skin from getting too dry.

Drop the saccharines if these are part of your habitual spartan habit, and indulge in sugar. This gives heat to the body and pep up the energy which tends to flag.

WHEN dreariness and rain make you disinclined to venture outside, make a good ballast for the day by having a hot comforting dish for breakfast, like porridge, and when you come in cold from shopping, have a hot milk drink to warm you up and oil the works. Don't spread cold germs by carrying around a damp handkerchief, use the paper varieties, and if you want the sort that really does stand up to a good hard blow, try "Handy Ankies." These look and feel like linen, and have three thicknesses of super soft tissue, in which the middle thickness is extra strong.

To guard against germs, put a spot of "Vick" into your nostrils before going out.

From a Skin Beautician: Keep the skin well nourished with an extra rich nutritive cream. Warm it slightly before use, so that it is sufficiently soft to work in easily without stretching the skin. For little dry patches which often appear during the cold weather, use a healing cream (you can get an excellent one specially made for the purpose by Elizabeth Arden). To guard the skin against the effect of cold winds, use a protective cream as a foundation under the powder.

Pay special attention to the neck which tends to get dry and crepey from the cold weather. Massage daily with a lubricating oil. (Helena Rubinstein makes an Estrogenic Oil, which is extremely effective and keeps the neck beautifully soft and smooth.)

FROM a Make-up Expert: Avoid the pinky tones, as in extreme cold these are apt to take on a bluey tinge. Make for the warm glowing shades in rouge and lipstick, and choose creamy tones for foundation and powder. If your lips are dry, smooth on a little white lip salve before applying the red. Take this cold weather opportunity of trying out a completely new type of powder, which, made by Goya, contains rich and healing emollients. This, in addition to being non-drying, is actually waterproof.

From a Physical Culturist: Get the circulation moving

briskly first thing in the morning, before going out. Rub all over the body with a loofah after the bath, until the skin feels in a glow. Do at least one good jumping exercise—feet together, feet apart, and clap the hands together in front and behind, alternately, while jumping. This sends the blood flowing to the extremities, and by thoroughly warming the hands and feet, goes a long way towards preventing chilblains.

A HAND Beauty Specialist Advises: Use a nourishing cream each night, and a lotion during the day. Massage the hands with cream before washing, to keep the skin soft. Work the cream well in, wipe off the surplus, then wash, and after drying, apply lotion. Dry well. Don't scamp this all-important point because you are in a hurry. The slightest dampness leads to roughness and chapping. Give the nails a warm oil bath once or twice a week, and use one of the special nail creams every night on retiring, to guard against brittleness.

If the hands tend to look red in the cold weather, pat on a little foundation cream in a warm shade, and powder on top of it. The little cracks which sometimes occur in cold weather can be healed by working in a little beeswax. Warm the wax, press well into the crack, and then on going to bed, bind the finger with a small bandage.

Finally, to revert to the doctor's advice: if you are prone to colds, guard against them by taking daily doses of cod-liver oil in some form or other. Malt and cod-liver oil is quite palatable and this helps to build up resistance.

Injectons against colds are also very helpful in many cases, but this is something which can only be decided by a doctor, according to each individual instance.

—Jean Cleland



For her bad cold this girl avoids spreading germs by using a paper handkerchief, and then throwing it away



## ENGAGEMENTS



Lenarc

Miss Anne Boylan, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. E. T. Boylan, of Drogheda, Co. Meath, is to marry Capt. Michael Dewey, 3rd King's Own Hussars, son of the late Major H. G. Dewey, M.C., R.A., and of Lady Bell, of Upton Noble, Som



## O'HAGAN—WHITE

At the Garrison Church, Singapore, Capt. Alan B. O'Hagan, R.E., son of Capt. and Mrs. B. O'Hagan, of Tilthams Green, Surrey, married Miss Heather M. B. White (Lt. W.R.A.C.), daughter of Col. H. S. White, M.C., T.D., D.L., and Mrs. White, of Hatch Beauchamp, Som

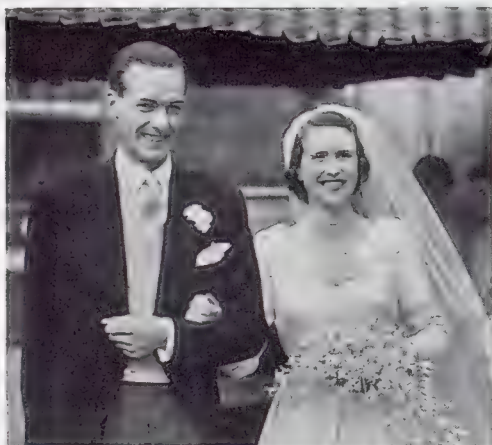


## BAILEY—DAY

Mr. David Lindsay Bailey, R.M., second son of the Rev. and Mrs. H. S. Bailey, of the Rectory, Upton-on-Severn, and Miss Heather Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Day, of Hamilton, New Zealand, married at All Hallows Chapel, Southwell School, Hamilton

## THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S Review



## LENDRUM—CHARRINGTON

Capt. Peter A. Lendrum, Royal Horse Guards, son of the late Mr. Hubert Lendrum and of Mrs. R. M. Lowe, of Bournemouth, married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Miss Susan T. Charrington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Charrington, of Winkfield, Windsor



## CARLISLE—FEARNLEY-WHITTINGSTALL

Mr. Julian A. Carlisle, son of the Rev. Geoffrey and Mrs. Carlisle, of The Vicarage, Buxton, and Miss Jill Fearnley-Whittingstall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Fearnley-Whittingstall, of Cookham Dean, Berks, married at All Saints, Marlow



Fayer

Miss Portia (Bunty) Hunt, only daughter of Mrs. Sylvia Hunt, of Ranelagh Grove, S.W.1, and of Mr. F. J. A. Hunt, of Las Flores, Argentina, is engaged to Lt. (E) Antony Venton, R.N., son of Mrs. E. M. Venton, of Cheddon Road, Taunton



Ziranel

Miss Virginia Graham Hutchison, daughter of the late Mr. T. H. Hutchison, of Camberley, and of Mrs. Hutchison, of Hertford Street, W.1, is engaged to Mr. D. Glynn, son of Lt.-Col. R. T. W. Glynn, M.C., and Mrs. Glynn, of South Cerney, Cirencester



## BERILL—CHIRNSIDE

At St. Michael's, Chester Square, Capt. Charles P. D. Berill, 17/21 Lancers, son of Major and Mrs. F. C. Berill, of Peppard, Oxon, married Miss Jean M. Chirnside, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. P. E. F. Chirnside and of Mrs. Chirnside, of Lichfield



## PITHER—LORD

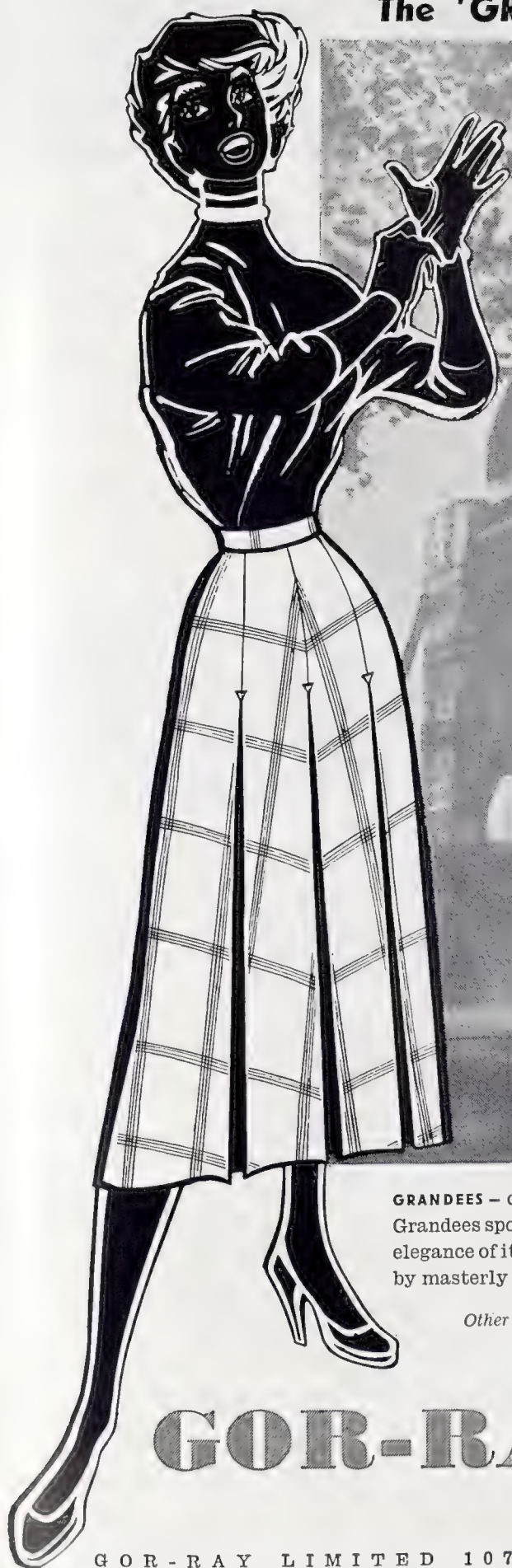
Mr. John Pither, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Pither, of Brookman's Park, Herts, and Miss Pauline R. Lord, daughter of Mr. L. P. Lord, K.B.E., and Mrs. Lord, of The Halesend, Storrington, near Malvern, Worcs, married at St. John's, Storrington

The TATLER is always happy to consider photographs of recent weddings and engagements. The insertion of such photographs is wholly a matter for the Editor's decision and is subject to space considerations. No payment is accepted in any circumstances



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## Book Reviews (Continuing from page 148)

# A DELINQUENT AFLOAT

For this latest novel of his, *A Bed Of Roses*, he has boldly taken a hard-worn theme: the eternal triangle. Louise, a gentle girl, finds herself during a Spanish tour embarrassed by the simultaneous company of an ex-lover and a newly acquired fiancé. She had done well to break with Guy, a young man of truly appalling character, who had not only locked her into a cupboard but smashed all her china animals, dear since childhood. On the ship on which she is travelling to Gibraltar, with her cousins Major and Mrs. Prescott, she meets the far nicer Michael, to whom she becomes engaged soon after they all reach Spain.

On that same ship, however, Guy has imperviously reappeared—he is not disposed to let Louise out of his clutches, and his seduction of Molly, a naïve though smart little blonde whose father makes umbrellas in Manchester, does not for long distract him from his real purpose. Guy naturally is anathema to the Prescotts (a couple of whom one becomes very fond) as he would no less be to you or me. The Owens, Molly's bewildered parents, are in their own way also extremely touching.

**T**ENSION mounts and mounts during the Spanish journey: the situation which has declared itself among the roses and bullfights of Seville, and on the roaring fairground, comes to a head during a dreadful scene in the Barcelona underground railway. Till the last page one does not know what will happen—and it is virtually impossible to put this book down until one does know.

Spain itself, one must add, is a dominant character in the story, not merely background: Mr. Sansom's evocations of the country in all moods, with its sights, smells, sounds and range of more indefinable sensations, has a touch of genius about it. In fact, while reading the greater part of *A Bed Of Roses* one is in Spain—like it or not!

★ ★ ★

**L**IFE AMONG THE SAVAGES (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) would be but tamely summarized were one to call it an annal of home life. Shirley Jackson, who wrote it, is one of America's most brilliant young woman writers: a certain short story of hers, *The Lottery*, is a terrifying masterpiece of her time—her sense of life is acute and her wit formidable. Here, however, we see Mrs. Jackson herself at bay—mother of a family, often distracted keeper of a large old house at the edge of a small old town in Vermont. The not wide, but wild, world of this book is peopled by a somewhat abstracted husband (who shoots at bats), a scornful cat, a series of crazy "helps" and children in an increasing number. Books also mount up rapidly. Savagery, in spite of attempts to curb it, in the main prevails.

Not for some time have I encountered children either more devastating or better drawn than Laurie, son, and Jannie, daughter—nor, when Sally joins their number, does she fall short of the family form. The shopping expedition, for instance, will be more enjoyed by readers of this book than it could be by the distracted mother. Jannie accompanies herself on the bus to town with six imaginary daughters, while Laurie shoots at things out of the lous window.

"Move over," Jannie said to me, "you're sitting on Linda."

"Linda's not coming?" I said incredulously.

"Certainly she's coming," Jannie said, "and you're sitting on her."

"You and your old girls," Laurie said, drawing in his head and pointing his gun. "There, I shot her."

It's a far cry from this book to our dear English *Provincial Lady*: I only mention the two in the same breath because the subjects, home and social vicissitudes, are identical. And also because I find *Life Among The Savages* to be, in this genre, an American masterpiece which English readers can hardly fail to enjoy.

★ ★ ★

**P**OSTMARKED MOSCOW (Duckworth, 18s.) is a day-to-day picture of life in Soviet Russia, as seen through the eyes of Mrs. Lydia Kirk, wife of the United States Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. from 1949 to 1952. Naturally, Embassy life in Moscow was to a degree guarded and isolated; but Mrs. Kirk, shrewd, observant, well disposed to all kinds of humanity and keenly curious as to local conditions, was good at looking over or through the wires. She has noted, and tells us, much that we want to know—much that would be probably overlooked in a mere man's account of Moscow. What is worn, what is eaten, what is to be bought, how people amuse themselves, the look of parks and streets—all these help to build up our sense of the realities of a country which is, by its own wish, so hard to know.

Mrs. Kirk is an amusing, engaging writer who, wisely, despises no little detail. Her accounts of a Soviet dress show (under State supervision) and of tea with Madame Vyshinsky and a circle of ladies are in particular entertaining, as are her remarks on manners and customs. All Soviet lampshades being the same, she concludes there must be a State lampshade factory. Soviet children have a good time, she says



D. R. Stuart  
Worcester XV, 1953. Back row: G. K. Taylor (hon. sec.), R. Greswold, C. T. Waters, D. G. McEwan, A. George, E. A. Burnham (match sec.). Middle row: R. Davis, G. A. Plant, E. J. Burnham, G. C. Everton, J. A. E. Vale, W. Fereday, H. H. Howl. Sitting: L. W. Whiteman (fixture sec.), J. F. Clapton (captain), C. N. C. Herridge (president), A. G. Johnson, J. J. Roberts. On ground: B. W. Turner, B. Wilkes

## Rugby Clubs

By S. A. Patman

## WORCESTER

**O**UTSIDE the more fashionable clubs there are many whose existence dates back to the early days of Rugby, clubs that make a real contribution to the game and which, though gaining little or no publicity, are yet of vital importance in keeping Rugby alive in their districts.

In this category Worcester has its honoured place, with 1880 as its recorded starting point. Then the club played on Pitchcroft, and from all accounts was faced with a stern task in maintaining its activities. Interest gradually dwindled until 1900, when the club became revitalized and secured a new ground, now the home of the County Cricket Club. After this gallant effort of revival the club ran into fresh difficulties, and Rugby football in Worcester was practically at a standstill until after World War One.

**W**HEN hostilities ended a few enthusiasts got together and another club was formed. Among those who took part in this determined effort was the late Rev. Scougall, who was also mainly responsible for the formation of the Worcestershire and Herefordshire Rugby Union. The club restarted in 1920 with one fifteen, on its old ground at Stephensons Terrace. Three years later it moved to pastures new at Northwick Road, and here enjoyed a successful period. Among the players who were outstanding in this revival were C. N. C. Herridge, now the popular president, R. Shrimpton, G. K. Tattersall, J. F. Clift and W. J. Hughson.

Yet another move was made in 1934 and on this occasion a ground was obtained at Perdiswell, and a notable event was the erection of a stand, but during the last war the ground was taken over for agricultural purposes. It is this lack of a settled home for any length of time, and often poor accommodation, which has been the chief obstacle to progress, but with the return this year to their prewar ground the club hopes its nomadic days are ended.

**A**MONG the notable players who appeared for Worcester in the seasons just before the disruption of the game by World War Two were K. G. Bradford, W. L. Solon, P. L. Richards, all of whom played for the North Midlands, G. K. Taylor, M. H. Cullen, D. A. Hemming, K. J. Heard, C. B. R. Inch and G. H. Watson.

Since the resumption its playing record has steadily improved under the captaincy of J. F. Clapton, and with increasing membership three fifteens for the first time in its history take the field.

No club can hope to make progress unless it possesses hard-working and businesslike officials and Worcester stands indebted to the untiring energy and efforts of C. H. Kimber, George Smith, Ralph Taylor, Harry Rees and of the present generation, the president, Ray Shrimpton, Don Arbuckle and Ken Taylor.

## GRAMOPHONE NOTES

**A**MONGST the most recent Long Playing releases there is most happily a recording that can proudly and justly prove how important experience and sensitivity are, even today. It has been made by baritone Pierre Bernac, and Francis Poulenc, and is devoted on one side to Poulenc's "Banalités" and "Chanson Villageoises," on the second side to Ravel's "Histoires Naturelles," "Chanson Hébraïques" and "Deux Mélodies Hébraïques." Gérard Souzay recorded the "Histoires Naturelles" in 1952, and good though the result was, it cannot be compared with this present magnificently sensitive and entirely intelligent interpretation; and let me add that M. Poulenc's accompaniment is as brilliant and inspiring as the work of the soloist.

It would indeed be difficult to imagine any other living singer giving the Poulenc songs such vividness and sympathetic understanding, but one must never lose sight of the fact that M. Bernac, although no longer in his first youth, is a genuine artist. Here, then, is a recital of songs, not just a crude selection slung together with an eye on a potential public of morons. There is not only justification for this record being released, but every good reason why a great deal that has hitherto been made available under the "recital" tag should be deleted from the supplements. (Columbia 33CX1119.)

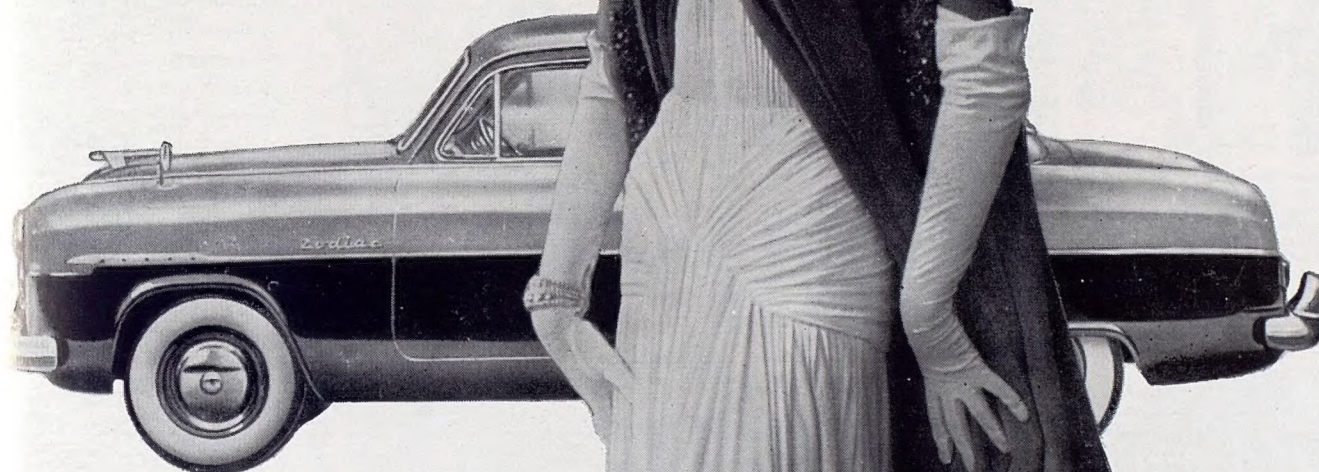
Robert Tredinnick

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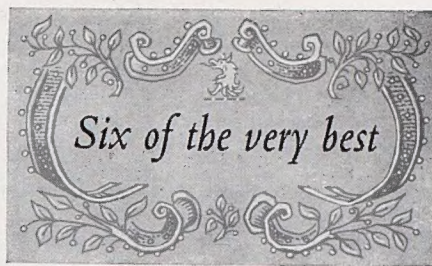
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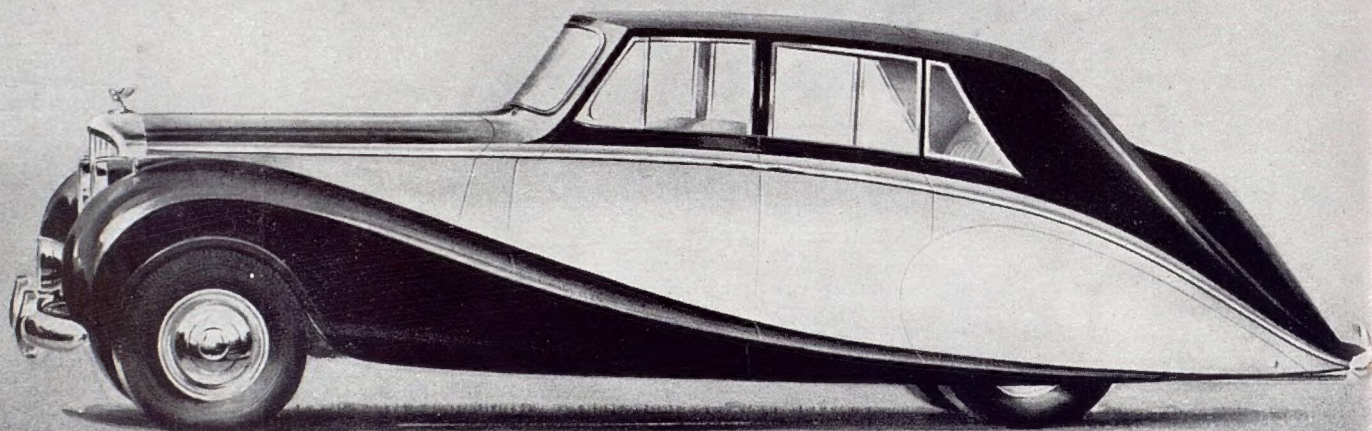
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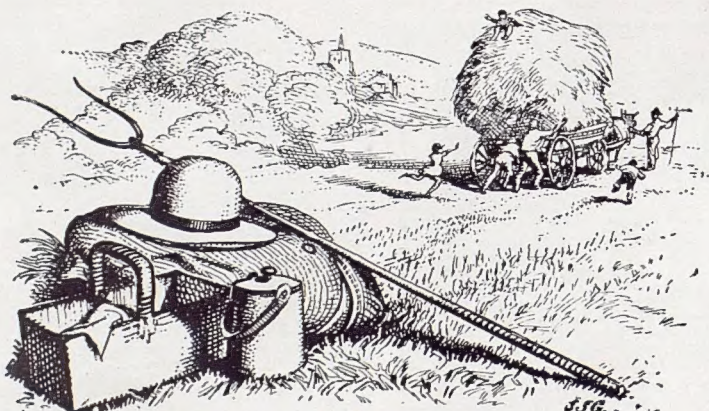
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